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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE SURRENDER OF CONGRESS.

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS,
AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN, DEC. 19, 1867.

THE value which I put on this platform, devoted to the lyceum system of lecturing, is mainly on account of its utter freedom. It seems to me that I should not exaggerate if I said that the lecture platform is the only free spot, the only utterly unfettered platform in the Republic. And now, especially, when so many souls are chained, so many tongues are either tied down or gagged, the value of this platform becomes still more evident and emphatic. In a country like ours, representing nothing but public opinion, where, as we see too sadly the last two months, whenever there is a supposed change in the public thought, all the great forces of society hasten to adjust themselves to it; in a country like ours, wherein on 6,000,000 of ballot-wielders Providence flings every generation a new issue, keenly and angrily dividing society, it is manifest that the first concern of every patriot is, Education, in the broad sense of that term; that if he knows any duty most incumbent upon him, it is to hasten to see that he puts intelligence upon one side and morality on the other of the baby and adult footsteps which lead up to this great national power. Now, go back with me 30 years, to which my friend has just referred; remember the isolation and martyrdom to which the Anti-Slavery movement consigned all its friends. The pulpit gave it a wide berth; the press could not afford to touch it; politics ignored it. The time was when England tried her great experiment, in 1838, in the West Indies, that not even a fee could induce a New England journal to open its columns to the duty of that experiment. If men had not obeyed better motives, the voice of that movement would have been silenced then. If it had been, if no lips had had the courage to speak, and no neck had been willing to take up that yoke, where would have been the nation in 1861 when that gun at Sumter summoned it to its great duty? Manifestly, in a country like ours, there must be some power with no immediate plan to carry, no candidate to elect, but which is bold enough and disinterested enough to trample on prejudices, to offend the community, and to drag forward for 30 years an angry question and chain it in the very midst of the people, and force them to let the light through it, to become acquainted with it, to grapple with it, and to be prepared for the duties which knowledge enjoins. Now, you know, without at all going into details, that the pulpit is no agency for this. It does not pretend even to undertake it. You know that politics, of its very nature, remembers to forget this duty. If you were Democrats and I your speaker, or Republicans, and I stood here to-night for you, you would not allow me—much less expect me—you would not *allow* me to go one atom in the discussion of any new question beyond the line that would be absolutely certain to secure the greatest amount of political support to-morrow. Mere immediate availability is the law of political discussion; it is the bricks, and clay, and straw, and mortar, all together out of which their building is to be constructed. The same is true of the press 20 years ago. I took to the best editor in New England, the most independent and fearless, Joseph T. Buckingham, an article of which I asked the insertion, to which he readily consented, saying, as I handed it to him, "Of course I will print it, but it will cost me 100 subscribers: your last article cost me 100." Well, I flung it into the stove, unwilling to ask its insertion at such a cost, and he turned to me, saying, "Have you lived so long and not learned that a journal should have $100,000 capital, and its editor $50,000 private fortune before he can afford to tell what he thinks?" It is not four years ago that I took to one of the most respectable journals in my own city a letter on a public event, and induced the editor, by appropriate considerations, to print it. Glancing at the close of the last sentence, he said, "Could you not omit that statement?" I said, "No; for that statement the whole letter was written. It is the gist of the whole argument." "Well," said he, "no one would deny its truth, that is as patent as the sun; but I am sorry you feel obliged to make it." (Laughter.) The next day I took up his journal and found my letter printed faithfully from beginning to end, and side by side an editorial in which he said, "We print in another column a letter from Mr. Phillips, and our only regret is that he should conclude it with such an absurd and unfounded statement." (Laughter.) He had performed his contract by printing the article; he had saved his position by adding the protest. And that is no disgrace to him; it is only a part, and an indispensable part, of the natural and inevitable limitation of the press in a country like ours. The only place that I know that for 20 years has been able to utter its bold thought, and grapple with what questions it pleased, preparing the public for the duty of ten years ahead, regardless of the shortcomings and the grudges that its course excited, has been, the grand tulcrum and pedestal of agitation—the lecture platform throughout the loyal States. No partnership between you and me. You are not responsible for what I say. You stand there as judges to tell me either that I am right or that I am wrong; but, in the meantime, here, and here only, for 20 years—outside of Church and State, independent and unfettered, rising superior to the press—the American conscience has got an utterance and the ballot-bearer has listened to both sides of *all* great questions. I exhort you to bear in mind this distinction, and to bear up with all your cordial support this indispensable addition to the educational machinery of a Republic.

To-day we seem to be verging to the close of an epoch. God has chained this generation to the one great duty of eliminating from American politics the idea of *race*. Whenever an American magistrate, whenever an American magistracy, is color-blind, unable to distinguish white from black—when that day comes, the duty of this generation is done and sealed, and this epoch is closed. [Applause.] But, hanging over the horizon, ready to come down and occupy the vacant arena and demand fair discussion and a fair settlement, are equally great and momentous questions, close at hand, as woman's position, capital and labor, co-operation, and the great underlying principles of that mystery of all mysteries, finance. The next generation is to grapple with these, and from no lips of so-called statesmen—from no types of crippled and gagged presses—from no pulpit taking its voice from its pews—are they likely to hear the truth, the whole truth, necessary to prepare these millions. For it is not colleges, it is not bayonets, it is not wealth, it is not classes that hold the helm of government here. Our fathers, when they came away from Europe, repudiated hierarchy and nobility, and all class distinctions, and undertook to found a state on simple, unconditional manhood. It was not the rich man, it was not the educated man, it was not the well-born man—it was *Man*. The unit for American calculation was to be Man, without regard to his accidents. The Northern States travelled onward, building constantly better than they knew, and in 1789 neared the goal of this theory. We began in Massachusetts. No man that was not a church-member could be a voter. In Rhode Island, no man voted unless he owned land, or was the eldest son of one who owned it. But gradually, to some extent better now than what they were before, the North travelled onward almost to the realization of the great idea which planted America. And if it had not realized it, it at least acknowledged it. If it did not practice it, it at least believed in it. It theorized on that basis. Meanwhile, south of Mason and Dixon's line, there had gone up a civilization as distinctly un-American, and as essentially European, as Vienna itself. It was a civilization, noble, divided by caste, recognizing birth, race, distinctions; repudiating manhood, acknowledging its accidents. In 1789 God offered to our fathers the problem of putting these two antagonistic elements into one government. Well, we sometimes imagine, because our fathers had not the courage to deal justly with the problem, that they did not perceive it—that it was ignorance, and not cowardice, that induced the great compromise of 1789. On the contrary, you very well know (for Mr. Seward, before he lost his brains in 1858, told us) that in 1789 our fathers understood the problem as well as we do; that they knew the irreconcilable nature of the two civilizations that they were endeavoring to crush together into one great harmonious nation. But he says the fathers hoped—though they did not expect—the fathers hoped that the friction of political agitation, that the mere friction of party would wear out the "irrepressible conflict," this fundamental antagonism; and perhaps—one chance in a dozen—the nation would float into the open sea without an actual conflict. You and I know well, the fruit which that moment, not of ignorance, but of timidity, bore. You know that after 70 years of angry agitation the war broke out, the flames burst up; in fact, to the eye of a thoughtful man, the machine went to pieces.

As I said when I was here before, our fathers took a cannon, filled it half full with powder, filled up the rest with lighted coals, plugged it, and hoped it would not burst. Well, in '61 it did burst, and then commenced the divergence of American Statesmanship, as it is called. Into one channel sailed the moderate, honored, respectable heads of the Republican party: the martyr President led. Honest? Yes, in every drop of his blood; yet—Whig in his training, and Whig in the very foundation of all his ethics—his tap-root was Whiggery. Republicanism was the natural child of the Whig party, as the Whig party was the natural child of the Federal party; and I think these the honestest three parties that ever illuminated the genealogy of American politics. But the great defect of the Republican leaders in the Summer of 1861 was a constitutional defect borrowed from their training. Like all that line, from Alexander Hamilton down to Abraham Lincoln, they believed in God—to their honor be it remembered; but they did not believe in the people. The distinction which separated them from the Democratic line was that the Democrats believed in neither. (Laughter and applause.) Now, when in the Summer of 1861 the cannon burst, the great elements assumed their antagonistic and natural position, and the question came, What shall we do? Can the people be trusted? Can we build securely on the convictions of the multitude? This class of statesmen said, No; it won't do to rely upon them. They are not ready for this great problem. Lincoln saw before him three weapons—public opinion, arms, and slavery. Practically, he said to himself: "I will exhaust every drop of blood, will spend every dollar, and then, perhaps, if those fail, driven to the wall in the last emergency, I will lift to my right hand that weapon of slavery. Meantime, the North Star to which my course shall ever tend shall be to save this nation, as near as possible, in the likeness in which it was created in 1789." Mr. Seward sent to Europe assurances, by every Minister, that the nation would finish this conflict and not change the status of a single individual. Congress, on the 22d day of July, 1861, resolved that we would wage this war to its consummation, and not cross the barrier of a single State to touch its institutions. And as a fitting commentary on that pledge, the government on that very day sent down into Virginia George B. McClellan to find out how not to do it. (Laughter and applause.) In other words, the statesmanship of the Republican party said, "Put the pieces of that cannon carefully together, put in the same powder, the same live coals, and the same plug, and hope it won't happen again." (Laughter.) It is an exact, perfect, and indisputable representation of the idea that ruled in the Summer of 1861.

And, meanwhile, diverging in the other line was what was called fanaticism. It was represented by Fremont, by Butler, by Hunter, by Gen. Phelps, by Sumner, by Stevens. (Applause.) These men said: "Look the situation squarely in the face; know, and confess that you know, that slavery lies at the root of this difficulty, that this is the great trouble our fathers tried to exorcise, and they have not succeeded. Begin now and dig down to the principal granite, strike at the root of the rebellion, throttle slavery the very first moment; and in throttling it, kill the rebellion and insure homogeneity, similarity, oneness, the nation over, ever afterward." In other words, these statesmen said: "The compromises of the Constitution were a screen between the American magistrate and the system of slavery. He had no right to see it. He had no right to discriminate its character. But when that gun sounded at Sumter, the screen shrivelled, and for the first time since '89 an American President had the constitutional right with his official eye to see that slavery was immoral; and *because* it was immoral—for no other reason than because it was alien to the civilization of which he was the head—he had the right to throttle it, for its own sins to throttle it, and for the usefulness of throttling it in putting down the rebellion." You know the divergence that took place on that occasion. This was called fanaticism; that was called statesmanship.

A class of men are everlastingly deluding themselves with a grand-sounding word—statesmanship: when a man, muddled in his own ideas and unable to see an inch ahead, conceives some intellectual abortion and nobody recognizes its proportions, he calls it statesmanship (laughter and applause), and we all sit down and put our hands on our mouths. Whereas, statesmanship does not consist in sitting under a gilded roof on a marble floor and a velvet cushion, with a long title to your name. Statesmanship is only common sense. Statesmanship is when a man, knowing the need of his own day, is able to chain the public of his own time to cure the need. That is statesmanship, no matter where it resides. And, years hence, when history lights its torch to find out the statesmanship of 1867, they will neither go to the War Office in London, nor to the Tuileries in Paris. They will go to that rocky island on the shores of Italy, where an imprisoned, and as they say, defeated man, eats his own heart; and history will say that it was Garibaldi that knew what Italy needed. (Loud applause.) And that is statesmanship. Why, when that gun sounded at Sumter in 1861, I had a merchant friend whose ship laid in Norfolk Navy-Yard, all dismantled, and he telegraphed to his officers there, "Get her afloat; no matter what condition she is in; get her afloat!" And the captain obeyed orders, and to-day, between Boston and Canton, that ship gallantly plies with his rich cargoes. That same telegraph brought news to the Secretary of the Navy that the United States had $3,000,000 worth of munitions of war in rebel waters, but he, sitting on red tape, let them alone, and the South took possession of them, and fought us with our own weapons for four years. Some people would say that in the Bureau of the Navy is the experience of the government, and that my friend was a trader; but fifty years hence, when men look back on our day, they will say that that merchant sitting in his counting-house had a statesman's brain, and that the Secretary sitting in his official chair was a fool.

And so it is exactly with the statesmanship of to-day. It is all common sense. There is no mistake about it, but the worst of it is that we shall act upon it twelve months too late. Look back to 1861. To-day there is not a Democrat, or a Conservative—a man of any mind—who does not acknowledge that we wasted 1861 and 1862; that we wasted one billion dollars, and a quarter of a million of valuable lives, the choicest in the country—men who rushed to the front for an *idea*, without bounty or hope of reward, and in the full loyalty of their hearts devoted themselves to the great idea of nationality, and we buried them under the sod of Virginia without any result. We now acknowledge that that was a mistake. We now see the absurd prejudices which blinded us, and which ride us now like nightmares. We remember only to blush at our folly of 1861–1862. Do you not remember how we tottered along, spending blood and treasure, and when the cloud grew blackest, at the end of 1862, we began to ask, "Will the negro fight?" And then we sent to France, and wanted to know how the blacks fought in Algiers, and we imported German ethnology and metaphysics to dream over, and dug up Herodotus; and, hunting up the schemes of all ages, we stumbled forward; and shutting our eyes and shuddering, we came at last to the conclusion that we would risk it, and see if the negro *would* fight. That was statesmanship! Now common sense would have said, "Will the negro fight? Why, of course he will!—is there any animal that will not fight? Will a negro work?—Is there any being into whom God has put a stomach who will not work? Why, the great mainspring of all civilization and progress is necessity." Common sense would have saved us a thousand millions of dollars, and a quarter million of lives, but we made ourselves the slaves of prejudice, and, shutting up our own hearts and our own convictions, we drifted on until 1863; and the moment we touched the talisman, justice, the moment we dismissed our doubts and became regardless of race, we sailed on through Antietam, Gettysburg and Atlanta, to the crowning victory at Richmond. (Applause.)

Now, we stand in the same relative position to-day exactly. I said here two years ago that if in 1861 the government had let out this war on contract to one hundred Yankees, such men as build railroads to the Pacific, men of enterprise, men who carry more brains in their hands than other men do in their heads, wide awake men, men who respect the great business principle, the very golden rule of all statesmanship, "the greatest result in the shortest time, at the least expense," this war would have soon terminated. Business knows no prejudice. Business knows no passion. Business is as dispassionate as ice. It is as clear from every mote of prejudice as the blue air at noon. If you had sent such a hundred men as I have described to South Carolina in 1861—business men, under contract—you would have saved all those lives and all that treasure. Those men would have said: "Here are eight million white men—all rebels; and here are four million negroes of unimpeachable loyalty. What shall we do? Why, build on *loyalty*, no matter whether black or white!" They would have lost themselves in no dream of the metaphysical theory of races. The contractor, when he sends out for a thousand men to dig on the Pacific railroad, does not ask whether they be white, Chinese, mulatto, or negro, so long as they can perform the work. If they can dig, he hires them. But we all know that this will be the hardest road that an Anglo-Saxon foot ever trod. A singular spectacle is presented to us to-day. There are two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, the one here, and the other in England, and God is chaining them both to the performance of the same unwelcome duty. There stands England to-day, reduced to a second-rate power in the affairs of Europe, because she holds Ireland, and, after the injustice of three hundred years, her Saxon pride will not acknowledge the civil equality of the Celt. We repeat the picture line by line. We stand with the absolute and inevitable necessity of eliminating race from the statute-book, and putting the negro on the basis of civil equality, and we have the same Saxon prejudice that blindfolds us and endeavors to persuade us to get rid of this disagreeable duty; but as sure as the waters of the Lakes mingle in the Atlantic, so surely will you see Jew and Christian, infidel and believer, black and white, crowding up under the shelter of equal laws in one Constitution. (Cheers.)

The only question is whether you will do it now, just when you have bought it with blood, or whether you will put aside all this sacrifice of wealth and treasure and have to do it all over again. There are a class of men who are frightened out of their propriety by two words—Africanism and negroism. Men say you will Africanize—negroize the South. Now, I would build up the South as soon as possible; but I would build her out of the best material, I do not care what race it comes from. There are a class of men who say, "Would to God there were not a negro in the land;" but I am certain, if you keep the idea before you, you will say just what history will tell you fifty years hence, that the greatest cause of gratitude to Almighty God from the hearts of the American people to-day is that there are four million loyal black men in the Southern States. If it were not for the presence of that element, there is not the remotest possibility, either in your day or mine, that we should ever see this nation reconstructed on a permanent basis. If the South were one homogeneous white race of twelve millions, the reconstruction of the American nation would be twenty years distant. Phil. Sheridan spoke the exact truth when he said to the Boston Aldermen, "So far as my opinion goes, I have seen no loyalty at the South which was not covered by a black skin."

But we don't need Sheridan's testimony. We don't need any Congressional report. We don't need any newspaper correspondence coming to us from every quarter of the world. We don't need the record of Gen. Grant or Gen. Sheridan that Texas is such a State that martial law is the only law capable of being enforced there. There is a keener, more delicate thermometer than Congress or correspondence, and you will find it in Wall street. You will find it in capital. You will find it in the money-instinct of the world. The most delicate, the most unerring of all thermometers is capital. Capitalists can tell you the great convulsive heavings of the American mobocratic element, all along the seaboard and back to St. Louis, and can tell you whether there is danger to the country. Daniel Webster, in 1848, when fear was expressed as to the stability of the nation, pointed to the Stock Exchange. Said he: "The national securities have not varied in any money centre in Europe or at home by the one-tenth of one per cent. And as long as that is the fact, there is no use of any anxiety." It is just as true to day. I don't want a Senate report. I don't want a correspondent. I don't want a witness even like the lips of Sheridan. I know that as long as the great money centres of the world are unwilling to trust any amount of capital to sustain investment in a country, that country is in an unsatisfactory state. Capital knows the state of the world better than any other element. It knows the temper of the times and of the dominant race, and whether the state of the South is such that a dollar can or cannot safely go there. I tell you how you can know the state of the South better than by listening to the discussions of Congress—by going down to Wall street, and seeing whether there is anybody investing south of Mason and Dixon's line, or whether anybody will trust a million there. Why, sixty days before that sleeping, blundering, and coward Senate knows the condition of the South, Wall street will be making ten per cent. a day there. (Laughter.) They will know it before the telegraph brings the news of it. The South is the most attractive field of speculation in the world. Gold will double there quicker than in California or any place else. The owners of capital in your city and in London are most anxious to go down there. They stand on tip-toe watching everything, and try to obtain ninety days ahead, the possibility of making ten per cent. Now, I know that there is no basis for civil government to reconstruct as long as business says: "That is tabooed, you can't touch it—there is a quicksand of hate, plot and conspiracy, which you can't pave over, in these ten States."

But nothing has ever yet been obtained without an effort, and, perhaps, a long struggle. History cannot show a single instance in which a million or five millions have ever rebelled for an idea, to give it up in one struggle. There is no such case on record. The facts are contrary. Look at Scotland against England, for 200 years! Look at Ireland against England, for 300! Look at the Fronde against Louis XIV—eleven rebellions! Look at the Bourbons against the Democrats of '91 in France—four risings! Do you think—with those three men murdered at Manchester—they have crushed Irish hope and nationality out of the Irishmen of this continent or that? Of course not. The flame burns furiously, and every man whose blood was shed at Manchester is a million of men counted into the army of rebels. (Applause.)

So it is with us. We should not recognize the man who changes his opinion at every turn things take; but the man deserving our esteem is he who holds on to his opinion, so that you know what he is. In your own instance, Bull Run did not change one of your opinions. Forty Bull Runs would not change your opinions. If you were a Copperhead before, you became intensely so; and, if you were a Republican, it was the food on which you fed. When I heard of Bull Run in a depot in Boston, I tossed my cap to the roof and cried out "Hurrah for the safety of the Union; for at last the Declaration of Independence is bathed in blood, and therefore becomes the absolute sustenance of the American people." The bugle notes were then sounded, proclaiming the fight the result of which was to make all men equal, as they were created to be. (Applause.) Opposed to us was South Carolina, who believed in the justice of her cause just as much as we did in ours. I could carry you to Savannah to-day, take you a mile from the city, and show you a woman 60 years old, whose income was $90,000 a year, all of which she gave up, beside her husband and two children, to the cause she had at heart. And to-day, with delicate hands, she works from morning till night to get bread for her grand-children. She was sincere. If you want better evidence of sincerity, look to the battle-field. The tenderest, the most merciful, the kindest of all the angels, is death. The greatest curse God could have inflicted on this race would be to allow a man to live 1,000 years. If people lived so old, no younger head would have the courage to utter his conviction in the presence of a score of men 1,000 years old, saying, "We know it is not so."

The waves of human progress are fast advancing, and God gives us to-day a corner-stone upon which to rest the machine of reconstruction—the blacks—that will enable us to hold on to the South. The great influences of civilization in the nineteenth century—capital, literature, school-enterprise—can assist and mold out some of the growing material, at least prepare its children to be American citizens; but the sooner you get that negro element as the foundation for reconstruction, the sooner the problem is achieved. I had the other day under my roof the representatives of five Scotch capitalists, who carried half a million of pounds to Western Tennessee to plantations there, and to the Cumberland mines, to purchase them. They had nearly completed their purchase, when, travelling one-and-a-half miles in one direction, and two miles in another, over the ground they had passed, they found that, within two days, on the one hand three, and on the other four, attempts had taken place to murder Union men—attempts so little thought of as to be even uninvestigated. After what they had seen, they buttoned up their pockets and went home with their pounds. What is the use of sentiment? What is the use of metaphysics? What is the use of the thin and unsubstantial prejudices of race, this useless talk about the negro? We are Yankees, Americans, men of brains and enterprise; men who when one thing fails turn to another; men never at fault, never checkmated, always able to achieve our purpose. Somehow or other, here we stand in a position such as many a nation has been in before. Shall we repeat their example among ourselves for a nobler purpose, rising to the level of a more intellectual comprehension? Shall these American people, by their conduct, admit not having learned enough from a war of five long years?

No matter what they may think of him, President Johnson leads the Trumbulls and the Shermans, the Fessendens and the Conklings, the Edmundses and the other Conservative Republicans of to-day. There are but two camps; one acknowledges that there is no other exit from the present difficulty but by upholding the negro, and the other still repeats the cuckoo cry of "white man's government." The President of the United States, after five years of battling—which, if it means anything, means that it is an effort of a nation, under the providence of God, to drag out the idea of race from their civil machinery—the President of the United States sends us a paper dated December, 1867, which apparently he must have picked up from some drawer which Mr. Buchanan or Franklin Pierce left filled. (Laughter.) He laughs at what the nation calls the statesmanship of the country, and tells us that this is a white man's government, but that the negro is to be protected and treated very generously, everything is to be kindly arranged for him; and then, with emphatic propriety, with wonderful consistency (remember it is Andrew Johnson—it is the Andrew of the 4th of March—it is the Andrew that swung around the circle), he adds so appropriately to this advice that we are bound to be very careful of his morals! (Laughter.) And that is the flag under which sails every man who undertakes to postpone by any measures of conciliation, by any policy of timidity, the grappling with the whole of this question to-day. *He* leads Congress. Congress has a sham outside. It has an apparent adhesion to negro suffrage in its reconstruction policy, that is very apparent; for when the caucus, which undertook to settle the question whether negro suffrage should enter the great plan of Congress, met in the Senate Chamber, it was equally divided, 14 to 14; and on one Senator saying, "Well, if you do not allow us to report in that shape to the Senate, I shall move it in the Senate Chamber," one man changed his vote; 15 to 13 was the close, tiny majority by which Congress pledged itself on a point which enables us to distinguish it from the President: otherwise they are mixed in an unconscionable muddle. Only 15 to 13, and in that 13, in that marvelously large minority of 13, were included all the Senators whose—almost all the Senators, one or two excepted—whose names rise to your mind when you speak of the statesmen of the Republican party—the leaders of the Republican party. Have in the White House a man whose bias is the other way, a man whose prejudices or associations gravitate against this final, immediate, and utter settlement of the question, and he has behind him the strength of the Senate, reluctantly marshaled on this platform, but ready at any moment to surrender it to what they consider a wiser or more available policy.

Congress has spent two long years in the avowed object of checkmating the President, on the ground that he could not be trusted with the power of a President. The XXXIXth and XLth have spent every hour of their official lives which has not been wasted—every hour, in the effort to put on the statute-books laws which would take from the President the usual power of a President. They have patiently, systematically been at work, building up a machine which impedes the President, impedes him from all power such as the Constitution endows him with, on the ground that the individual who holds the office can not be trusted with its powers; and when we said to them, why, instead of thus worrying your victim, don't you strangle him? why, instead of like the cat, perpetually plaguing your captive, don't you cut his head off? they said, "the public won't bear it. We are going to follow the policy of checkmating the President, and then it won't be necessary to impeach him." But in pursuing that policy, they have forfeited all the support and stirred on the President's side all the sympathy of the nation; so that to-day Congress stands with all the evil done that impeachment in 1866 would have resulted in, and none of the good obtained. They have taken a course with this affected claim of superior statesmanship and tried it. It has not answered its purpose, and it has produced all the difficulties that the opposite would have done.

More than that—at the same moment, the President, looking at these statutes passed over his head by a two-thirds vote, undertakes, in the full face of the nation, to trample them under his foot, to defy Congress and to fling its laws in its face, to take the very man in whose behalf, and for whose protection this Civil Office Tenure bill was passed—Edwin Stanton (applause), and put him out of office. Congress leaves him out of office. I would not bet a sixpence that he will ever go back to office. There is no sign at Washington that there is any courage in either House to vindicate this Civil Office bill. Why, when the English Parliament met in the days of Charles I., the very first hour of its session it took up in five minutes the act which Charles I. had undertaken to violate. It listened to nothing; it neither adjourned nor asked for a message; it neither appointed committees or did any other of the usual routine of the House of Commons; its first voice heard in the hall was "where is the law we passed last session?" and, if this Senate had meant anything—if Andrew Johnson had not cowed them beneath his heels, the first voice heard in that Senate chamber when they met in November would have been, "Where is Edwin M. Stanton and the Civil Tenure bill?" (Applause.) And Grant, if the idol General himself had sent them a paper from the War Office, they would have flung it in his face and said, "We do not acknowledge you as Secretary of War; there is but one War Secretary in the light of the law, and his name is Stanton, and no paper coming from the War Department without his signature can be acknowledged by this Congress." (Applause.) If, trampling respect for Gen. Grant under one foot and fear of the President under the other, the Senate had grappled with the White House, we should have sailed out of this difficulty on a heaven smiling sea. (Applause.) But, instead of that, no voice is heard until the day before yesterday, to rebuke this defiant and ostentatious attempt of the President to balk Congress of its most favorite purpose.

Then it had another, equally absurd notion, as in 1865 and 1866, when the heart of the nation burned hottest against the President, and you could have done anything with him. If Congress had said to the nation, as a party, as the great Republican dominant force in the nation, "there is but one path out of this difficulty, it is through negro suffrage from the Lakes down to the Gulf," it would have floated into your statute-books in Ohio and in Connecticut and our other States; but they tore it in peacemeal; they sent a rag to be dipped into the local dirt of Connecticut, and another into the poisoned prejudices of Ohio, and of course it was defeated.

And this is what they call statesmanship. This is Congress—Congress, which has not the courage even to vindicate its own dignity (laughter), which, having listened to a message which might have been written during the Kansas troubles, hears in it the knell of its own strength and the glory of the President, and votes not to impeach him. Why, if there is any logic in two years, if there is any inference out of the long action of 24 months, it is Impeachment. When Congress went up to that door, and turned square around, it wrote "fool" on its own logic. It gave the President, in his last message relating to Stanton's removal, the advantage of the argument and the mastership of the situation, because, if anything they said had been believed by them, if any action robbing him of his constitutional powers had had an excuse, the result was impeachment, and when they ignored the result they denied the logic. Congress stands to-day like a school-boy that has forgotten his task. It has nothing to say that will hold water a moment against the argument of Andrew Johnson, because he answers their pretences with their action. Congress is nothing but the vane on the meeting-house—only tells which way the wind blows. It is ruled by a dozen men, whose names, even, nobody knows—twenty of that mass that wriggle away up there nobody knows how; and who, when they go out, go out like a rocket, nobody knows where; these are the men that, holding the balance of power, undertake to drag the ermine of those noble names that are trying to leave a bright record for their children to look back to, down into this kennel!

Congress is nothing. If it were anything, if even the leaders of the Republican party were anything, it is not that miserable blunderer of the White House, upon whose head we should visit any of the faults of the present situation. I don't think so little of my fellow-countrymen as to believe that a mere third-rate corner politician of benighted Tennessee could checkmate the American people. It is not that. It is because, in the great struggle of '64, which resulted in the present Administration, the Republican party was willing to forget its own principles, its own vigilance—and sleep; for the sake of what it esteemed conciliation. God cursed conciliation to the bottomless pit! (Laughter and cheers.)

Conciliation! To conciliate somebody who cannot be summoned into a palpable shape has been the nightmare of the American people ever since 89. In order to conciliate nobody knows who, we sent an honest Yankee back to Maine, and we put our hands to digging down into the blood-mixed soil of Tennessee to find a creature whom we put in a spot where decent men fall down and do him reverence. He don't do any harm. The sot that staggers home in the morning twilight doesn't do anybody harm. He is a warning and not an example. (Cheers.) It is the Senator, and the respectable man that sits down with him side by side in the grog-shop, that does the harm. It is the Wilsons and the Fessendens, it is the Grants and the Stantons who—in the hour when the people in their anxiety were trying to peer into the heart of Andrew Johnson, and find out whether he was a rebel, or a mistaken friend—covered him with the skirts of their popularity, and said, "Wait." That was the laudanum that made us dead and put us to sleep. It is Ulysses Grant that makes Andrew Johnson President to-day.

And the hardest sight to a man whose heart is in this problem, is the attitude of the nation before that successful soldier. I would not take a leaf from his laurels. You may put him higher than Wellington, and, on one scale, superior to either the Cæsars or the Bonapartes; but I will not complain. It is not a general, nor a captain, nor a corporal that we want to-day, but a man who knows this problem, and sees it rightly. To-day we present to the world the marvellous spectacle of a nation that has sent out its eldest-born to the grave and taken its garnered wealth and scattered it to the winds, in order to accomplish a purpose; and now on the very eve, the moment of the accomplishment, is shutting its eyes and bandaging its eyelids, and about to trust futurity to a man whose only fame is his reticence. You have lived to see ninety-nine out of a hundred of the American journals praise the reticence of an American statesman! Now I can understand reticence at Moscow. The Emperor has a right to be reticent. There is only one man in that empire who has a right to think. Bonaparte consults his dignity when he is reticent, for he does not allow anybody else in Paris to think. But we live in a country where every man bears in his right hand that ballot which is a check on his title and his duty to think. We live in a country which is the representative of six millions of votes, six millions of convictions; and it is in such a country as that, in its most critical moment, that a press which undertakes to lead it says, the glory of the country is the man who does not condescend to tell us what he thinks. Why, here is a man whose great historic fame and word is, "I will fight it out on this line if it last forever; neither heaven nor hell shall move me from my purpose." And here are twenty millions of people, who have put their children into the scale, about to trust that man with the helm, and they do not claim the right to say, "Sir, on *what* line do you intend to fight it out?" (Applause.) Yes, Grant stands up and tells his fellow-citizens: "I shan't condescend to tell you where I am going to lead you."

We loved Lincoln with all his faults, because his face was towards the light, and what he did not know to-day he learned, and was always wiser to-morrow than he was yesterday. His soul opened from every quarter to the influences of Providence and events. And we have exchanged him for a man incapable either of forgetting or of learning—(laughter)—a man with his face not only *toward* the darkness that bathes him, but, worse still; the nation proposes to complete the trinity by a man who does not know *which* way his face is—of whom it boasts with great pride that we have got an American who don't know which way he looks. (Laughter.) When I was in the West last Spring, and was arguing this question of the propriety of trusting a soldier with the determination of this great question while you do not know which way he would lead us, the reply of my audiences was, "There's no use talking: if we don't take Grant, the Democrats will." In this moment, when the difference is are heaven-wide, when five hundred thousand graves divide us, we must nail that man to our side or he slips over to the other. Why, I say that if there is a ghost of a flavor of a homœopathic chance that Grant would not throw a Democratic nomination out of the window, he is not fit for a Republican President. (Great applause.) I dwell upon this to-day because he is in great danger. At the same time this Republican party have been con-

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quered in the recent election, and would hide themselves under the skirts of the soldier to save themselves.

The greatest and most momentous step that this generation will make will be the choice of the next President. Far better to trust for help to Pendleton and Vallandigham—for we *know* the evil to which we shall then be subjected—than support a half-and-half policy; better this than go upon our knees, destroying the nation, and forfeiting the opportunity, with some half-way man. (Cheers.) There is no want of knowledge, if any man will open his eyes.

There is not a man upon this continent who has anything more than a vague hope in regard to Gen. Grant's position. Not one. Col. Forney, the other day, published five columns of testimony, as he said, in regard to Gen. Grant's position. It was made up from the speeches of Mr. Washburne and Col. Rawlings. And Mr. Washburne "was quite convinced, and had no doubt, he felt almost certain, it was extremely probable, that such would be the case," and Col. Rawlings "felt that he was almost sure, and, perhaps, in course of time, he should be authorized to assert, and it was generally believed and understood," and so they went on. (Laughter.) There is not a man upon this continent who has the authority to tell the people what Gen. Grant thinks—at a moment so decisive in the welfare of twenty millions of people.

As Emerson says: "If the tongue of a man does not speak, his hands do." Now Gen. Grant has spoken in a way to content Thurlow Weed, and that contents me (applause)! spoken in a way that carries comfort to every enemy of the Republican party. Count me up the name of every distinguished Senator who has been found quarreling with every step of the loyal men of this country, and nineteen out of every twenty are Grant men. (Applause.) Men say, "Grant is upon our side; he does not want to tell it, but if he were not with us, he would have said so." (Laughter.) Now, all we Anti-Slavery men remember and understand this kind of policy. When William Jackson told me in Massachusetts that a member of Congress had been nominated by our friends, I replied, "Why, the other party like him." "Well," said he, "he is upon our side." "Then," responded I, "he will cheat one of us." And so he did; for he went to Congress a month after and cheated *us*. Now, everybody knows Grant: he would not cheat anybody; for he has written his record as clearly as "*E Pluribus Unum*" is engraved on our banner. He was the man who went from Washington to New Orleans to report on the condition of the South. You can tell the chemical nature of an element or color by comparing it with another element or color, and when the two join you know the result. He went there, and said that every Southerner was dead in love with us. Sheridan went there, and brought his news to us, that they hated us. The hearts of the two men was the litmus paper on which Southern bitterness wrote its own record. Grant had sympathy to have it write blue, while Sheridan was true metal, and had it write black.

You know the nature of the man from the effect that certain admitted facts produce upon him. The loyalty of New Orleans stretched forth its hands to him and said, "let the flag save us," but he was dumb. The eyes of all nations were fixed on the pavements of New Orleans, for they knew that that was the focus of the battle; and from that moment the whole host of rebels joined hands. Why did not Gen. Grant go there? Does not a General go to the point where the battle is hottest? If Gen. Grant had gone to New Orleans and sent word to Johnson, "I do not need any instructions, I am here to do my duty, to see to it with the armed hand of the government that the flag is protected," do you think that Johnson would have dared to send him a message: "Do you think there is any riot there?" Do you think that if Johnson had dared to send him this message, *that* he would have been President thirty days afterward, if Grant had on his return informed the people, "the blood of the Union men runs on the pavements of New Orleans because I am not permitted to do my duty?" History will say that Gen. Sheridan fought the battle, and that Gen. Grant was not there. I never knew but one General who fought a battle by going on board a steamboat and sailing away from it. (Laughter.) Why—the flavor of Grant's cigar on the levee of New Orleans would have carried the will of the people throughout all the South and South-West!

We have conquered. The Republican party has written its record in history, and yet there is not a Union man who holds his life safe south of Mason and Dixon's. In Thomas's district there have been 10,000 murders, and none have been investigated. A Union man does not dare to move from his own door. And why? Because the White House is held by a second-hand Jeff. Davis. (Laughter and cheers.)

But one morning we woke up, and turning our eyes toward Washington, we found that Grant was Secretary of War. All the world asked what that meant. Astounded people tremblingly asked what was this? and the press of the country cried out, from Chicago down to Savannah, that his selection was arranged in a close conference the night before, between Mr. Stanton and Gen. Grant. The President is be-fooled; it is all a trick played by the newspapers, Stanton first thought; but afterward he found out he had been superseded, and he never knew who was to be his successor until he had seen it in the newspapers.

Why did the press tell that most tremendous fib? It was necessary, to explain Gen. Grant; and the singularity of Gen. Grant's position is that the American press has been engaged for two years in explaining him. He is said to be the only statesman who needs constant, incessant explanation. Butler does not need explanation. Nobody explains Sumner. I should like to see a man undertake to explain Stevens! (Laughter and applause.) Did ever any newspaper waste its types in explaining Wade? Their actions are so decisive and unequivocal that they knock you down like a cannon-ball. But here is a man: the American press, breathless with exhaustion, has absolutely used up the dictionary in explaining him, for the last two years, and showing this patient American people how not one single act of his really meant what it seemed to. And yet we say: Oh! the reticence of Gen. Grant, the reserve of this peerless American! we have got a man at last that has not a tongue; perhaps he has not a heart, who knows? Sometimes men do not talk because they have nothing to say. What a horrible result it would be if we should catch that sort of a man!

Friends, I am treading on hot ashes when I touch the great soldier. I know I am. But it is a land of graves, it is a land of orphans, it is a land of widows; and I say to you, you have no right, standing on such sod, and under such a harvest,—you have no right, to risk the harvest which this great lavish martyrdom gained, by your hapless confidence in *any* man, however beloved. I have sat 50 miles in a railroad car, and on a seat behind me was a half-idiot from Andersonville. I have lived a fortnight under a roof where it took 18 months of a mother's fondest care to win back intelligence unto the wreck which Libby Prison had sent her for her eldest boy; and with such memories, and such martyrdom, God forbid that any one of us should leave any word unspoken, any effort unmade, that would save this hapless nation—save it from thrusting the harvest these young martyrs *earned* into hands that are not irrevocably pledged to reap it to the uttermost! (Loud applause.)

THAT "PRIVATE" LETTER.

We give, below, the "private" letter (alluded to in our editorial columns, last week), which *General* Grant wrote to the President, opposing the Stanton and Sheridan removals; and his indorsement of Sheridan's report on Texas, recommending martial law.

As the only and sufficient commentary to these documents, we add the order of *Secretary* Grant's employee—Gen. Hancock—subordinating the military power of the Union to the rebel civil authorities of the Fifth district; and the message of that same Secretary's employer—Andrew Johnson—recommending Sheridan's successor to Congress for this act.

—Meanwhile, the writer of the first-quoted documents still holds—his tongue, the President's livery, the usurped Office of War, and—*perhaps*—his "private" OPINIONS!

LETTER FROM GEN. GRANT TO THE PRESIDENT.
[Private.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11, 1867.

To His Excellency, ANDREW JOHNSON, *President of the United States.*

SIR: I take the liberty of addressing you privately on the subject of the conversation which we had this morning, feeling, as I do, the great danger to the welfare of the country should you carry out the designs then expressed:

First: On the subject of the displacement of the Secretary of War: his removal cannot be effected against his will without the consent of the Senate. It was but a short time since the United States Senate was in session, and why not then have asked for his removal if it was desired? It certainly was the intention of the legislative branch of the government to place a Cabinet Minister beyond the power of the Executive removal; and it is pretty well understood that, so far as Cabinet Ministers are affected by the terms of the Office bill, it was intended specially to protect the Secretary of War whom the country felt great confidence in. The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common sense and the views of loyal people will give to it the effect intended by its framers.

Second: On the subject of the removal of the very able Commander of the Fifth Military District, let me ask you to consider the effect it would have upon the public. He is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be enemies of the government. It fell to the lot of but few men to do as much against an armed enemy as Gen. Sheridan did during the rebellion, and it is within the scope of the ability of but few in this or any other country to do what he has. His civil administration has given equal satisfaction. He has had difficulties to contend with which no other District Commander has encountered. Almost, if not quite, from the day he was appointed District Commander to the present time, the press has given out that he was to be removed; that the Administration was dissatisfied with him. This has emboldened the opponents of the laws of Congress within his command to oppose him in every way in their power, and has rendered necessary measures which otherwise might never have been necessary. In conclusion, allow me to say as a friend, desiring peace and quiet, the welfare of the whole country North and South, that it is, in my opinion, more than the loyal people of this country (I mean those who supported the government during the rebellion) will quietly submit to, to see the very man of all others whom they have expressed their confidence in, removed. I would not have taken the liberty of addressing the Executive of the United States thus, but for the conversation on the subject alluded to in this letter, and from a sense of duty, feeling that I know I am right in this matter. With great respect, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, General.

INDORSEMENT BY GEN. GRANT OF GEN. SHERIDAN'S REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF TEXAS.

Respectfully forwarded to the Secretary of War. Attention is invited to that portion of the within communication which refers to the condition of the Union men and Freedmen in Texas, and to the powerlessness of the military, in the present state of affairs, to afford them protection. Even the moral effect of the presence of troops is passing away, and a few days ago a squad of soldiers on duty was fired on by citizens in Brownsville. In my opinion the great number of murders of Union men and freedmen, in Texas; not only, as a rule, unpunished, but uninvestigated, constitute, practically, a state of insurrection; and, believing it to be the province and duty of every good government to afford protection to the lives, liberty, and property of her citizens, I would recommend the declaration of martial law in Texas, to secure these. The necessity for governing any portion of our territory by martial law is to be deplored. If resorted to, it should be limited in its authority, and should leave all local authorities and civil tribunals free and unobstructed until they prove their inefficiency or unwillingness to perform their duties. Martial law would give security (or comparatively so) to all classes of citizens, without regard to race, color, or political opinions, and could be continued until society was capable of protecting itself, or until the State is returned to its full relation to the Union. The application of martial law to one of these States would be a warning to all, and, if necessary, can be extended to others,

U. S. GRANT, General.

ORDER BY GEN. HANCOCK.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 203, Section 2.—The true and proper use of military power, besides defending the national honor against foreign nations, is to uphold the laws and civil government, and to secure to every person residing among us the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. It is accordingly made by act of Congress the duty of the Commander of the District to protect all persons in these rights, to suppress disorder and violence, and to punish or cause to be punished, all disturbers of the public peace and criminals. The Commanding General has been officially informed that the administration of justice, and especially of criminal justice, in the courts is clogged, if not entirely frustrated, by the enforcement of Paragraph No. 2 of the military order, numbered Special Order No. 125, current series, from these headquarters issued, on the 24th of August, A. D. 1867, relative to the qualifications of persons to be placed on the jury list of the State of Louisiana. To determine who shall not be jurors, appertains to the Legislative power; and, until the act now in existence regulating this subject shall be amended or changed by the Department of the civil government, which the Constitutions of all the States under our Republican system vest with that power, it is deemed best to carry out the will of the people, as expressed in the last legislative act upon this subject. The qualification of a juror under the laws is a proper subject for the decision of the courts. The Commanding General, in the discharge of the trust reposed in him, will maintain the just power of the judiciary, and is unwilling to permit the civil authorities and laws to be embarrassed by military interference; and it is an established fact that the administration of justice in the ordinary tribunals is greatly embarrassed by the operations of Paragraph No. 2, Special Orders No. 125, Current Series, from these Headquarters. It is ordered that said paragraph, which relates to the qualifications of persons to be placed on the jury lists of the State of Louisiana be, and the same hereby is revoked, and that the trial by jury be henceforth regulated and controlled by the Constitution and civil laws, without regard to any military order heretofore executed from these Headquarters. By command of Major-Gen. Hancock.

W. T. MITCHELL,
Brevet Lieut.-Col., and A. A. A. G.

Paragraph No. 2, Special Orders No. 125, thus revoked, provides for the immediate revision of jury lists, to exclude all citizens not registered voters under the Reconstruction acts.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT TO CONGRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: An official copy of the order issued by Major-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, Commander of the Fifth Military District, dated Headquarters, in New Orleans, on the 29th day of November, has reached me through the regular channels of the War Department, and I herewith communicate it to Congress for such action as may seem to be proper in view of all the circumstances.

It will be perceived that Gen. Hancock announces that he will make the law the rule of his conduct; that he will uphold the Courts and other civil authorities in the performance of their proper duties, and that he will use his military power only to preserve the peace and enforce the law. He declares very explicitly that the sacred right of trial by jury and the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be crushed out or trodden under foot. He goes further, and in one comprehensive sentence asserts that the principles of American liberty are still the inheritance of this people, and ever should be.

When a great soldier, with unrestricted power in his hands to oppress his fellow-men, voluntarily forego the chance of gratifying his selfish ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest public virtue that human nature is capable of practicing. The strongest claim of Washington to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," is founded on the great fact that in all his illustrious career he scrupulously abstained from violating the legal and constitutional rights of his fellow-citizens. When he surrendered his commission to Congress, the President of that body spoke his highest praise in saying that he had "always regarded the rights of the civil authorities, through all dangers and disasters." Wherever power above the law courted his acceptance, he calmly put the temptation aside. By such magnanimous acts of forbearance he won the universal admiration of mankind and left a name which has no rival in the history of the world.

I am far from saying that Gen. Hancock is the only officer of the American Army who is influenced by the example of Washington. Doubtless thousands of them are faithfully devoted to the principles for which the men of the Revolution laid down their lives. But the distinguished honor belongs to him of being the first officer in high command south of the Potomac, since the close of the civil war, who has given utterance to these noble sentiments in the form of a military order.

I respectfully suggest to Congress that some public recognition of Gen. Hancock's patriotic conduct is due, if not to him, to the friends of law and justice throughout the country. Of such an act as his at such a time it is but fitting that the dignity should be vindicated and the virtue proclaimed, so that its value as an example may not be lost to the nation. ANDREW JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, 1867.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH
National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.

THE managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fourth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, January 22d, 1868. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Surely if there rested in any mind the slightest doubt whether our continued exertions in the old channels are needed, the events of the last three months must have dispelled it.

We see the President of the United States planting himself on the old idea of a white man's government, an idea which the nation has fought five years to crush. He upholds the policy of recognizing races and regulating our laws according to the supposed qualities of each—thus ignoring the cardinal principle of the civilization of which he is the official head. The negro is to be very graciously protected by the pity of the white man—not by granting him his rights or putting into his hands the means of defending them. We are not to treat him as an equal, but to dole out charity to him as a dependent.

This revival of old prejudice, this quickening of old feuds, is regarded by one-half the nation as sound statesmanship. The announcement of this creed in his Message has so strengthened the President's position that Congress dares not venture to impeach him. Such has been the criminal indifference and huckstering policy of the Republican leaders that, at length, the people themselves are, in some degree, confused and demoralized. An empty and servile press echoes the treason, and, if such a thing were possible, one might fear we were drifting back into the hateful and angry struggles which disgraced the Nation before the war.

While Congress fears to impeach a President confessedly guilty of high crimes, the great leaders of the Republican party seem ready timidly to hide themselves behind the fame of a successful soldier, with no pledge or claim that he shall support the policy which alone has led us to victory—the policy of exact justice and impartial civil rights. The North—Ohio, Connecticut, and the West—reeks with the old hate of the negro, and by fresh action pledges itself against him.

Doubtless there was an hour when all this could have been prevented. That golden opportunity—that moment, when the people, far ahead of their leaders, besought them to "go forward"—was allowed to pas away. Earnest, devoted, strenuous effort is needed to regain, if possible, another such; at least to rally the Nation afresh to its duty.

Believing that the whole duty of the Abolitionists will not be done, nor the pledges of the Anti-Slavery movement redeemed, until the idea of race is eliminated from our civil life, until color is no proscription anywhere under the flag—and seeing with what a slender tie the dominant party is bound to this idea, and how ready the leaders are to loose it, we feel that every word we can utter and every effort we can make is needed *now*, before the great choice of next year, to secure all that can yet be saved of the harvest for which our husbands, sons and brothers gave their lives.

The eyes of the civilized world are upon us. The dead who gave their lives for justice claim of us a like devotion in this great cause. Let every one—those whom long years of toil have consecrated to this work and those whom present emergencies have baptized into it—let all rally with a fresh enthusiasm to sustain our Society by their personal activity and their pecuniary contributions. We need both. It is only by the labor of many hands so great a work can be done. For a hapless race now passing through a most perilous hour, we beg of all friends their utmost exertions. This last, this critical hour, when so much may be lost or that final seal set which secures all, let us unite in a strenuous effort to make the most of the opportunity bought with the blood of so many martyrs.

Those not able to be present to aid on this occasion and listen to the appeals of the zealous and tried laborers in our cause, may send their contributions to R. P. HALLOWELL, Esq., No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass. or to any of the managers resident in Boston.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, Worcester, Mass.
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Wayland, Mass.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Pennsylvania.
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.
LIDIAN EMERSON, Concord, Mass.
MARY GREW, Philadelphia.
ELIZABETH GAY, Staten Island, N. Y.
MARY E. SARGENT, Boston, Mass.
LYDIA D. PARKER, Boston, Mass.
CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN, Boston, Mass.
ANNA SHAW GREENE, Boston, Mass.
MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS, Medford, Mass.
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ARMENIA S. WHITE, Concord, N. H.
RUTH BUFFUM, Lynn, Mass.
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM, Italy.
SARAH BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
REBECCA BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
SARAH J. NOWELL, Cambridgeport, Mass.
SARAH P. REMOND, Italy.
MARGARET P. SNOW, Fitchburg, Mass.
HARRIET W. SEWALL, Melrose, Mass.
EVELINA E. SLACK, Boston, Mass.
MARY C. SAWYER, Grantville, Mass.
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, Grantville, Mass.
ABBY S. STEPHENSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
EDNAH D. CHENEY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
ELIZABETH B. CHACE, Rhode Island.
ANNA TALBOT FAIRBANKS, Rhode Island.

AT SEA.

ONE thing is evident—the Republican ship is drifting before the wind. Without compass or pilot, she has given up all hope of reaching any particular harbor, and only aims to outride the storm. We once supposed she had a drift-sail concealed under the waves, and was seeking some special port. But day by day it becomes more and more evident that she has neither cargo nor destination, and is only waiting for daylight to discover what sea she is in and what flag it will be safest to run up.

How much strength the party needs in order to keep hold of office and whence that strength will easiest be secured, these are the questions. The answer to them will determine the Republican platform of 1868. If the negro seems a trustworthy friend, she will run up the white flag of Justice. Should that mild type of Copperheadism which Fessenden, Trumbull, Weed, Sherman and Seward represent, seem a safer reliance, then the old black rag that has, in front of doughface ranks, braved so often the battle and the breeze, will be nailed to the masthead.

Grant's reticence was, at first, the silence of a soldier who had no ideas. After a while it became the trick of a clique, who have had him in training, and who were doubtful which section of the Republican party would prove strongest. They kept him uncommitted (so far, at least, as words go) that he might be ready, at any moment, to declare for the successful side. At last it becomes doubtful whether such great States as New York and Pennsylvania can be carried for either of the Republican sections or creeds, even with Gen. Grant for candidate. Though Fessenden and his clique have thrown off everything but the Republican *name*, cautious men begin to fear that even that will be overweight even for Grant in his race with the Democratic candidate. Grant's reticence has therefore got a new value. He must still keep his lips shut, waiting till the Summer of 1868, to see just how great the reaction has been and where he shall plant himself. Things may have assumed such shape by that time, that instead of Henry Wilson for Vice-President, or Yates, the only safe and available ticket will be "universal amnesty," with Grant and Lee for candidates. If Grant's record is all ready to be made up in that form, and the timid, office-peddling majority of the Senate will rally for his retinue, such an alliance will be the fitting sequel to the "*magnanimity*" of Appomattox.

We saw a month ago how white Republican lips had become; how thoroughly the election returns had frightened the leaders. We knew then that Grant would not be allowed to speak till it were seen what it would be safe for him to say. We have been long convinced that, so far as Grant has ideas, his reserve did not proceed from any peculiarity of his nature or from professional etiquette or any idea of dignity. It has been, all along, a trick of his friends—men standing halfway between rebeldom and radicalism—to keep him uncommitted until 1868, in order to see *how little* he could venture to promise without risking success. Forgiving and credulous Radicalism would clutch at him any time, no matter at what eleventh hour he professed the faith. Bitter and lynx-eyed Conservatism would never use him if once his lips uttered the hated pledge of justice and equality. His friends therefore lost nothing by delay and might gain by it everything. Hence his reticence.

A month ago, the party, aghast, was ready to hide in Grant's skirts without asking of him any pledge. Such was the temper of the meeting in Cooper Institute some weeks ago. We have drifted half an ocean's width since that. The meeting in Faneuil Hall and the lobby at Washington show that the Grant men would put him on a platform pledged to something very near the nature of Johnson's message. If Grant speaks before May, 1868, it will be only to conciliate and secure that element which we used to call Border-State-ism,—the nightmare which cowed Lincoln and inspired Seward—the miserly capitalist who cursed the government he swindled—the citizen who did nothing but sneer, the Senator who proposed nothing, objected to everything and only found fault. These are Grant's backers to-day—men who, like Maryland and Kentucky, were not bold enough openly to take either side. If Republican courage oozes out during the next six months as rapidly as it has done within the last six, even this class cannot be relied on. The whole Republican party will go, with Greeley, to Richmond, and so far as the negro is concerned, a vote for Grant will mean no more than one for Pendleton or Hancock. If any reader thinks us uncharitable in our judgment, let him go to Washington and frequent the lobbies. Meanwhile let him, in any event, use the coming six months so wisely and with such earnest activity as will either shame or encourage these helpless and vagabond puppets to an attitude somewhat worthy of the loyal men who bore them through a hundred fights, so bravely, on their shields.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE PROTECTION OF THE BALLOT.

THE present condition of Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware is enough to convince the most obtuse intellect of the absolute necessity for negro suffrage to save not only the negro, but the Southern States, from lapsing into their former barbarism; if, indeed, the latter can be said to have emerged from it. The outrages sanctioned by legislative and judicial decision, the defiance of United States law, the atrocious wrongs committed openly, with impunity, upon Union men, black and white, demonstrate the futility of efforts to protect personal freedom and civil rights for such men in the South, without the ballot in the hands of the persecuted classes. The almost daily reports of these outrages would kindle in the North a blaze of indignation which would speedily put an end to them, were it not for the sad fact that the American people have, for so many generations, been demoralized in heart and conscience by the sin of slaveholding. That national sin, committed by the North as well as the South, steadily undermined their virtue and poisoned their religion, until their judgment was so perverted that they chose evil for good, and ceased to discern truth from falsehood; and now present the pitiable spectacle of a great people struggling against the judgments of God, and anxiously inquiring how little justice they can, with safety to themselves, mete out to the victims of their long oppression, whom the iron hand of War has partially wrested from their grasp.

The events of the last year prove clearly, to all who do not shut their eyes to the facts, that we must (in our own defence and his) concede to the negro his right to the ballot; and the sooner we do it the better it will be for the nation. It is idle to talk of civil rights unprotected by the ballot. Men may *call* them "rights," but the voting, the dominant class will, in their hearts, regard them as *privileges*, and treat accordingly the race on whom they are conferred; and the first election which shall carry into power the enemies of that race, will be the death-knell of such privileges. No one is deceived by the sudden proclamation of Democratic organs that their party will accord civil rights to the negroes. The party is pushed to the wall, and is crying for quarter. We judge it not by its pledges, but its well-known *animus*.

Let those who think that the negro's liberty is already sufficiently protected, ponder well the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Delaware, declaring the Civil Rights bill to be unconstitutional so far as it conflicts with the statute law of a State. Let them read the records of the Freedman's Bureau. Let them estimate, if they can, the number of rebels and rebel sympathisers who to-day fill the State and municipal offices of Kentucky and Maryland. Justice for the negro! Civil rights enjoyed by him! Not where Federal officers, in the discharge of their military duty, are shot down by rebels, or compelled to fly for their lives and hide for days in the woods to escape from rebel violence. While these things and such as these disgrace our civilization, Northern men and women are timidly asking if it would be safe and prudent to put into the hand of the negro, whose loyalty is undoubted, that only weapon which can secure a freeman's rights in a popular government. Judging from the history of the last four or five years, one might predict that they will continue to hesitate and cavil until the question shall assume a different shape, "Is it safe and prudent *not* to do this?" and that they will concede the ballot as they did the musket, from a sense of fear for the Republic's life. But we will hope that the lessons of those years have not been unheeded by the people, however lost upon ambitious politicians; and that they will not wait for yet sterner discipline of events to rouse them to the performance of their duty.

An indication that they are thus arousing themselves is seen in the Resolution recently adopted by the National Council Union League of America, in which they urge the National Republican Convention to nominate for the Presidency no man "who is not in himself an irreversible guarantee that he is a true friend" of "universal manhood suffrage." Party leaders must ultimately obey the distinctly uttered behests of the people; and if the true friends of Freedom, North and South, apprehend and feel the solemn responsibility which will rest upon them during the next six months, they will unite their voices in one loud and irresistible demand that, for the sake of justice and the nation's weal, the ballot shall be placed in the hands of all loyal men, without distinction of color. Nor will they rest satisfied until this precious right of suffrage is secured to the black man as to the white, by the Constitution of the United States.

M. G.

WE were not able to obtain, in time for publication this week, Mr. Phillips's revision of his discourse printed on our first page. The best report to be found in the newspapers, with its most glaring errors eliminated, has been used.

IN the report, for November, of donations to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, ROBERT MAGUIRE should have been credited with $10 instead of $3.—Also the donation of JOHN K. WILDMAN—$5.00—was omitted. E. M. D.

PERSONAL.

A negro preacher was lately permitted to speak to the convicts in the Illinois State Prison at Joliet. The Democrats in his audience were highly indignant, some of them crying, "Put the nigger out!"

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Boutwell and Williams, of the House of Representatives, for copies of the Majority Report of the Judiciary Committee, on Impeachment.

Also, to Mr. Sumner, of the Senate, for copies of "Message and Documents," and "Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture."

At the recent annual dinner of the New England Society in this city, a letter was read from Oliver Wendell Holmes, containing the following:

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1867.

* * * * * *

"I am but an indifferent traveller. So long as I keep the dome of the State House in sight I am almost invariably well, but when I venture to breathe any air which has not been regenerated, revivified and hyper-oxygenated by blowing over the Frog Pond, I am too apt to find myself uncomfortable, until my foot is again on my native pavement.

"My heart, however, travels extensively, and I shall send it as a special delegate to your meeting of the 23d, where I hope it will find all yours as full of harmony and happiness as it is of the warmest wishes for your enjoyment. O. W. HOLMES."

Joseph A. Dugdale, "the Children's Friend," will be remembered by the readers of THE STANDARD in Pennsylvania and New Jersey in connection with the multitudinous meetings of little folks held in years past by this friend of the negro, who never failed to infuse Anti-slavery and Temperance into his addresses to the children. We clip the following from the Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, *Journal*:

We have been enjoying the delightful privilege of a visit from Mr. Joseph A. Dugdale, of your vicinity, better known, perhaps as Uncle Joseph, the children's Friend.

He was invited to come here by Father Turner, of the Denmark Congregational Church, and last Sabbath morning he addressed a large and attentive audience, upon the duties of Practical Religion, in which he gave an earnest and interesting testimony in favor of a Religious Life.

In the afternoon a meeting was held for the benefit of the children, who assembled in large numbers to hear what Uncle Joseph had to say to them. As was right and proper, the little folks occupied the central seats, and their parents and friends upon this occasion contented themselves with back seats.

Now talking to the little folks is rather a specialty with our friend, and but few persons possess his power of presenting truth and goodness in such a winning guise, as to lead the little ones to fall in love with those principles of Heavenly origin. That he was successful, the smiles and tears, so quickly following each other, gave ample testimony.

Not many weeks since, Mr. Dugdale held a very interesting meeting in Fort Madison, for the benefit of the convicts of the Penitentiary. He also held one of his delightful convocations of Sabbath School children, and several persons were so pleased with his efforts there, that they drove to Denmark on Sabbath morning to enjoy the privilege of hearing him again.

Uncle Joseph's and Aunt Ruth's visit to Denmark, has been an event, in the lives, of some of the friends here, and they will long be held in loving remembrance.

A TIMELY ADMONITION.

BOSTON, December 23, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

A RECENT letter from our friend ABBY KELLEY FOSTER has the following timely and wise suggestion as to our duties in the present political crisis. They do but correspond with the many earnest warnings we have had from her in times past, and I offer no apology for thus making public what was intended only for private reading. Yours truly, M. E. S.

"I hope and trust that the lowering political heavens will arouse the friends of the negro to renewed vigilance and activity; that some, at least, of those who have trusted the hopes of freedom to politicians, will see their error, and again put their shoulders to the wheel of the old car of freedom. Had the Republicans come up to Mr. Phillips's requisitions, all would have been safe now; and I am confident the better men of the party see it. But we must not expect much of politicians, and the Old Guard, that still stands fast, never did, and I trust never will. It is well to seize the present moment, to gather back to our side those whose faith in moral power has not entirely vanished."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 20th, 1867.

HAVE you heard the news? The Boston Board of Trade have decided that Gen. Grant shall be the next President of the United States, and have held a meeting in Faneuil Hall to make that decision known to the world. Perhaps, as they have been particularly unsuccessful of late in their own department of affairs—as they cannot hold their own against New York in the competition for Western trade—and as they could not raise a million dollars to secure the benefits of a new line of steamers between this port and Liverpool—it was as well that they should try their hand upon something else. We will wait patiently to see the result of this new move; but the prospect, as far as the Faneuil Hall meeting developed it, is not very flattering.

First, as to size, the meeting had a very discouraging aspect. The old-fashioned contests of Whigs with Democrats used to crowd Faneuil Hall at an early hour, even when nothing more important than a State election was in question. On this occasion the floor of the Hall was scarcely half filled when the hour appointed for opening the meeting came, and it was not filled at any time during the course of the meeting. The platform was the only place crowded, and that crowd was almost exclusively of "business men." The Boston politicians have generally tried to sanctify their Faneuil Hall gatherings by the conspicuous presence, and the verbal or tacit co-operation of some of the Reverend Clergy. But on this occasion the solid men of Boston had not one "reverend seignior" on the platform to back them.

Then, as to the management of the meeting, a sufficient number of skilful speakers had been engaged, and had made preparation enough to speak fluently. As popular speeches, their performances were plausible enough, but they lacked plausibility in the one point especially requisite; they made out no case for Gen. Grant; they had to take for granted all the points which, if established by evidence, *would* make out such a case. True, it is hard to require them to make brick without straw; but why, with such dearth of material, did they set up the brick-yard? Why did they call the meeting? To be sure, they are in a tight place, so to speak; their commercial and financial interests are in a desperate condition; but this again is the consequence of their own folly, half timidity and half conservatism. Their peril comes from the delay of national reconstruction; they would not assist in removing the great obstacle, by impeaching Andrew Johnson, and now they can think of nothing better than to leave this obstructing agency in full force for a year and a half, hoping then to get in a new man whose policy, for aught they *know*, may be equally turned against their interests.

The *Daily Advertiser*, in a double-leaded leader urging attendance on this meeting, gave, as one of the reasons for nominating Gen. Grant, that he was "thoroughly known!" And the speakers at the meeting also sagaciously took this point for granted. "Silence is golden," said an ancient sage. In Gen. Grant's case it has certainly been so; for it has brought two opposing parties to compete for the honor of his alliance, each believing that he favors its ideas, and each having as much right to believe so as the other.

Lastly, the Faneuil Hall meeting was as deficient in enthusiasm as in attendance. Of course, in such a gathering, the crowd are glad to applaud their favorite speakers, and the smart points made by these were clapped sufficiently by the Committee and the audience; but the only instances of applause so hearty and general as to deserve the name of enthusiasm were brought out by incidental matters. The first came when Gen. Sheridan's name chanced to be mentioned; the next was when a prominent merchant represented that the election of Gen. Grant was the surest method of getting a *settlement* with Great Britain—both speaker and hearers seemed to have in mind a belligerent settlement—in regard to the Alabama claims; and the third was when one of the speakers tried the ingenious device of complimenting Gen. Grant's reticence in contrast with President Johnson's excess of foolish talkativeness. At the close of the meeting, the chairman succeeded in getting three rousing cheers for the new nomination; but the attempt to get three more was a failure. In view of such circumstances as these, the meeting itself must be considered a failure.

As a specimen of the variety of opinions in the world, I may mention the letter of a lady who, being in Boston but not of it, wrote to the *Tribune* in your city respecting one of the Dickens readings, that the "audience was frigid and Bostonish." She went on to remark that she *did* hope, when he came to read in New York, that the audience "would *stamp with their feet*, and show him that they had some blood in their veins."

When Tom Pinch was laboring to prove Mr. Pecksniff's disinterestedness to that prosaic unbeliever, John Westlock, he brought in evidence Pecksniff's repeated declaration that he would be willing to shed his blood for him! In reply to this John asked—"Do you *want* any blood shed for you?"—and proceeded to inquire whether Pecksniff had ever shed legs of mutton and garden-stuff, toast and tea, in anything like a decent proportion to Tom's necessities.

Probably the accused Boston audience were simply enjoying and appreciating the reading of Dickens, without once stopping to consider what he thought of them; but if they *had* taken the latter point into consideration, it seems to me that they would have done on his account precisely what they did on their own, namely, bestow concentrated attention on every part of the reading—reserve their applause until it would not interrupt the things they had come to hear—when the time for applause came, give it appropriately with their hands—and lastly, be careful *not* to raise a cloud of dust by *stamping*, either "with their feet" or with any other part of their bodies. Of two audiences, one of which attended chiefly with their heads and the other with their heels, I should think a judicious reader would prefer the former.

Putnam's Monthly, risen from a long sleep, has again come among us, in its well-remembered green cover, its title-page flanked by the graceful stalks of corn and cane, which seemed to say, when it was first issued, that the publication was calculated for, and would be adjusted to, Southern not less than Northern latitudes. Its leading article now, entitled "Thirteen Years of the Nation: 1854-1867," recalls with high satisfaction the position it took at the former of these two dates in regard to slavery. It then demanded "The Repeal of the Fugitive Slave law; *the Restoration of the Missouri Compromise*; no more Slave States; no more Slave Territories; the Homestead for free men on the public lands." And it seems, while writing of these matters at the present time, to have not the slightest idea but that the second of these articles was as good, as just, as wise and prudent as the rest of them.

The article of which I speak makes the following summary of the state of things before the war: "The Senate, House, and nearly all the State governments, our foreign diplomacy, our army and navy, our civil service, custom-houses, post-offices, all preferment, much of our business, and even our society, and a large majority of our churches, were controlled by men who were either pro-slavery, or preferred to remain on friendly terms with the institution, rather than incur the dangers of a quarrel with it." Excellent! But what a pity that the writer forgot to make the list complete as well as correct by adding—*our literature*.

Putnam's Monthly, in the latter clause of the sentence just quoted, has correctly described its own former state, as well as that of an immense majority of the Northern literary magazines, its brethren. Having no love for slavery, they yet deliberately chose "to remain on friendly terms with the institution, rather than incur the dangers of a quarrel with it." Very likely their conductors pitied the slaves, and gave something, now and then, to the underground railroad; but they would stand up in manly opposition to the slave power only when, and so far as, new encroachments were made on the rights of free States, free Territories, and white men. They were ready, freely to consent, and to move their respective States to consent, that slavery should remain unmolested where it was, in consideration of the pro

mise of the slave power that it would move no further North; when it did move further North, deliberately breaking the Missouri Compromise, that movement opened the possibility of action from North to South in favor of freedom, as much as of action from South to North in favor of slavery; but the nation, and the nation's literature, had no disposition to help the slaves; and to secure the Territories for peaceable settlement by white men, they were ready to re-enact the Missouri Compromise, and consent anew to the unobstructed continuance of slavery in the States.

The failure of this writer to understand the Anti-Slavery movement appears in another passage; correctly describing the attitude of the Republican party towards slavery, he says—"while, for the sake of the other interests involved in the Union, and peace, it [slavery] might be tolerated, it was only as we would tolerate the serpent coiled round our child, fearing to strike it dead, not for the sake of the serpent, but of the life it endangered." And he adds—"Abolitionists and Republicans differed only in the intensity with which they held these ideas."

The man does not know enough of the Abolitionists to understand that they *never* held this ground. The one great difference between Republicans and Abolitionists always was that the former considered slavery tolerable, the latter intolerable. The Republicans resisted the extension of slavery to new regions; the Abolitionists interfered with it everywhere, demanded its immediate abolition, granted it no delay, yielded it no compromise. It was on Republican ground that *Putnam's Monthly* demanded the restoration of the Missouri Compromise; that is, was ready voluntarily to pledge itself *not to interfere with slavery in the States*, if the States would abstain from spreading it further. The Abolitionists felt it their imperative duty to interfere with slavery everywhere, and denied that worse evils *could* come from its abolition. The chief evils under which we are now suffering come from the dilatory way in which a Republican President managed the abolition of slavery, and from the neglect of the Republican party to take measures requisite to give substantial *freedom* to those who were just relieved from slavery. If the nation, after the collapse of the rebellion, had promptly and thoroughly given the negroes their rights, civil and political, we should not have seen that defiant aspect and those revived pretensions of the leaders of the rebellion, which now so seriously complicate the question of reconstruction.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 16, 1867.

THE work of surrender still proceeds. At least the disposition to stand still daily becomes more apparent. To do that is to surrender. There can be no stagnation, no cessation. The Republican party must either go forward or backward. Another step in the surrender conspiracy was made by the National Committee of the Republican party. That body recently met here, as the public well know. Its purpose was to appoint a time for the National Convention to assemble. Both the place of assembly and the time of meeting were decided in the interest of the Grant managers—I do not say of Gen. Grant, but the managers of the movement to nominate him for the Presidency. Whether the General desires to be a Presidential candidate is even more doubtful than are his views on reconstruction, for in a general way we have the not specially creditable record made by his testimony taken before the Judiciary Committee. Nobody knows what party the General favors, only that he is for the maintainance of the Union. The beautiful uncertainty that prevails is exemplified by a rumor relating to Col. Forney, now such a vigorous worker for Grant. It is declared that but a few days before the Secretary of the Senate came out in favor of his military candidate, he declared that he was by no means certain that Grant would not accept the Democratic nomination. As he was sure of election, according to the view of "practical" politicians, Forney thought he had best make haste and secure the "great uncertain" for the Republican party. This report, whether true of Col. Forney or not, is so applicable to all the outcry for Grant, as to be equally good whether told of Forney, Kelley, Wilson, Conkling, and others who are trying to retain place and power behind the smoke of Grant's cigar.

But to return. I said place and time for holding the Republican Convention were both run in the interest of Grant. No one who understands party management will gainsay this. The preceding Republican Conventions—three of them have been held in June: what was the object of calling this in May? Nothing else than to carry their man in on the "hurrah" policy, which the schemers hope may not have exhausted itself. What were the objections to so early an assembling? A great many—chief among which is the fact that outside of finance, the only issue—and it is the vital one—is whether reconstruction on the basis of universal manhood suffrage shall succeed or not. The Southern Radicals who will attend the National Convention, will have potential voice or not, as they may or may not represent reconstructed States, ready under the law to cast Presidential votes at the November election. The real question in the campaign will be the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, so far as it wars against caste and establishes equality. It is by no means certain that the results of the plan will be fully developed in May, when the Convention is to meet. If it turns out to be unsuccessful after the platform is made and the candidate known; what then? If successful it will strengthen a non-committal man, while in the other case the necessary silence of the platform will make it convenient for the "spouters" who will run the cabal, to throw suffrage and the Southern loyalists overboard.

It was not the object of the Grant men to have anything decided when the Convention meets. Uncertainty will aid their plans of nominating their man on personal issues. They are afraid of the Southern Radicals—the tried-in-the-fire men. Already whispers are circulating that they (the loyalists) had better not be too loud in declaring they will support no man whose record is not radical all through, and whose name gives no assurance of devotion to principles. The cowardly camp-followers who are trying to sell out genuine radicalism for a "mess of pottage," whisper that the Southern loyalists are not yet out of the woods, and it won't do for them to hallo too loud!

But the evidence accumulates that the Grant managers are not to be allowed to walk their "filly" over the course. There are many indications that the Radicals will not submit without a fight, even if they do themselves injury. They belong, like raw volunteers, to a school that never know when they are beaten.

There is no doubt that around Mr. Chase this class are rallying, but they also exhibit more definitely every day their determination to fight for a Radical standard-bearer, no matter who he may be—as against the Grant cabal. The National Council of the Union League—which was in session here last week—had undoubtedly a large majority who favored Mr. Chase. But they passed with the greatest unanimity a resolution declaring they will support no man whose record is not unmistakable. If a large proportion of those who said this had been Northern men, I should have known what value to have put upon it. *Their* opposition would have ended in a disgusted acquiescence. But the Southern men mean more. I believe every one of their delegations will be at Chicago instructed to vote for no man, under any circumstances, whose record as a public man was not of unmistakable character long before the "glittering bauble" of the Presidency was tendered. This is the spirit of Southern Republicanism. If, as is hoped, reconstruction will by May have moved so far forward as to make evident a successful consummation, it will only need a courageous spirit on the part of Northern Radicals, connected with the Republican party, to make sure of some true and *representative* man being put forward at Chicago.

Gen. Hancock is the President's trusted Lieutenant. There is no doubt that he is charged with the tearing down of all Sheridan's work in Louisiana. A few evenings since, Hancock dined with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Louisiana—always a bitter though discreet rebel—and met Beauregard, Dick Taylor, Voorhees (State Attorney-General, to whom Johnson directed his orders for massacre), and others of that ilk. It is well understood here that Hancock is to be backed, if successful in defeating reconstruction in Louisiana, by all Johnson's influence in the next Democratic Convention. He is to be the "mean white's" choice for President. Of course "His Imperial Meanness," our Merry Andrew, whose antics affright high heaven, would prefer himself.

Hancock's jury order was the one which let the light in on his designs. The removal of Monroe's appointees was generally approved. They were bad men and unfit for the positions. But since that Hancock has shown his hand. Consequently the rebels are jubilant, while the loyalists are downcast.

It is pretty sure that the Freedmen's Bureau will be retained. A bill is to be introduced allowing Gen. Howard to employ—with the same pay and allowances—the volunteer officers now ordered to be mustered out on the first of January. Some of them might be dispensed with.

There is an evident disposition in the Senate to shirk the responsibility of reinstating Stanton. In all probability there will be, as in the case of impeachment, a surrender to the insolent usurper who sits "at the other end of the Avenue." There is not a half-dozen men in Congress who seem to recognize, in anything like its fullness, the nature of the crisis through which we are passing. The struggle is one fundamental to free government, and involves the safety of the representative system. It is the same fight that England settled when Charles the First was made a head shorter, and his son James, the last of the Stuarts, was dethroned. Since then her struggles have been between the governing classes and those governed, and not at all between the King and Parliament. Our struggle is really between the forces which in all representative governments tend on the one hand to the enlargement of the Executive office, and on the other to the conservation of the supreme authority which properly belong to the protective or legislative function. It is the fight over again between prerogative and direct accountability, modified for the present and in their system by the duration of the Executive office. It is the strife between King and Parliament—between the National Assembly and the 18th Brumaire, or the later 2d of December, of "mine uncle's" successor. How is it to end—according to Seward, in Cæsarism, or are we to win the victory for the people? If the latter, it will not be by surrender.

ASMODEMUS.

[The above letter has been kept from us during a week, by the defective mail service at the New York Post-office. ED.]

THE VINEYARD OF JOHN BROWN, JR.

An acknowledgment from JOHN T. SARGENT *on receiving from said vine a box of grapes by a friend.*

FROM the Vineyard of the Lord
Came these words of welcome cheer,
Showing how, by right accord,
All true souls to *his* adhere;
"*I*," said he, "*am the true vine*:
Ye, the branches are, no less;
Let your growth be one with mine
If ye would have *fruitfulness!*
Patient be through every ill;
Breast the roughness of the storm:
Let all grace your clusters fill
With an influence so warm
That a *sacrament* it be
To those poor whose *souls are bare*,
To the *sinful* you would make *free*
And the suffering everywhere!
If the world, with reckless hand,
Prunes you harshly, still submit.
Scatter, o'er the suffering land,
All your fruits to *nourish* it!
Shelter, with your branch and leaf,
Every foe's unworthy head:
Feed them, e'en amid your grief,
With the *very blood* they shed!
Thus (if you do so '*abide*'
In the *Truth* which I have spoken),
'Is my Father glorified'
By your *Life*, thereof the Token!"

JOHN BROWN, with his noble mind
Did all this, and so doth *she*
Who, with sympathies so kind,
Sent these welcome fruits to me!
I was ill,—they made me well!
Enfeebled, and they made me strong!
But, the *tolling of a bell!*
Seemed a melancholy song!
As the fruit of that dear vine,
Consecrated in my heart,
Sacred as communion wine,
Fed my soul!—I stood apart,
In the silence of that hour,
Sadly musing, then, of HIM
Who, with Christlike love and power
Met a death severe and grim!
So! From out the fatal bowl
Which he drained for slaves, anon,
Came *this* Chorus to my soul—
"JOHN BROWN'S *soul goes marching on!*"

SHOOTING NIAGARA; AND AFTER.

NO. III.

MR. CARLYLE is no mere theorist. He proposes an experiment which, once made, could hardly fail to clearly illustrate and strongly confirm the conclusions he had commended to the general confidence—an experiment to prove fact-wise, that Heaven by stern "preappointment" had sent black men into the world as the property of white owners. In selecting a field where the trial may be made, he passes by Jamaica. I do not wonder that he is "shy" of pausing at that island. The blood of the murdered Gordon, which he pronounced rightly shed, might make his path slippery. He prefers Dominica. Of this he gives a glowing poetical description. "The flat alluvial rim, the fruitfulest in nature," is, to be sure, "unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work." But then he finds a spot "salubrious and delightful for the European—who might there spread and grow." *The grand experiment consists in putting him there armed with power sufficient to keep ten negroes "steady to their work"* on the flat, unwholesome alluvium where, thus driven, they might produce any "noblest spice" for some European market. In this experiment, thus proposed, culminate the magnanimity and wisdom of the prophet.

How may the slavery which Mr. Carlyle is so eager to force anew on Dominica, differ from the slavery which for so many tedious years prevailed in the West Indies? Was not the virtue of his "preappointment of Heaven" tried there long and thoroughly? Was not the European there armed with a most terrible scourge, "to keep his ten black brothers steady to their work," producing sugar, coffee, spices, for European consumption? And did not negro-blood run freely wherever, no matter for what cause, the weary slave paused in his career? Did the taste of negro-blood render West India sugar especially palatable to Mr. Carlyle? The experiment of putting negroes as property into the hands of whites as owners, produced in the West Indies, as elsewhere, results frightfully revolting. The thing was unendurable—the sum and substance of all imaginable and unimaginable plagues. It could not for one moment bear the light of the sun; even that of the hell-fires, it had kindled, tortured it to desperation. And yet Carlyle would have the experiment resumed! On what grounds he could expect any better result, he has not condescended to inform us. We must, it seems, do as he bids us, without hesitation or inquiry, or put up with such objurgation and reproach as would disgrace any fish-woman!

Well, after being so loudly scolded by Mr. Carlyle, suppose we should conclude to aid him, as best we might, in making his grand experiment. On him as head magician, we meekly wait for orders. We are under his direction to eschew the curse of Heaven, richly due for disturbing "the best of all positions" for the negro, which all along he "essentially" occupied, and, secure the blessing of Heaven by forcing slavery anew on Dominica. The "preappointment" of the universal Father we are to honor by embodying it all so luminously in the facts of history; in which his black children may as property find their way into the hands of their natural owners—their white "brothers." But what disposition shall be made of the present occupants of Dominica? Four classes Mr. Carlyle here introduces to our regard—in an enumeration alike philosophical and philanthropic. Perhaps he might persuade the "one hundred white men" whom he places first in his catalogue to serve as the nucleus of the "hundred thousand Europeans," whom Mr. Carlyle proposes to commission to "keep steady to their work a million of negroes." Next on his list, as next in the fraternal regards of our philosopher, come the "rattle-snakes." How he would dispose of these aristocratic figures, we must wait, I suppose, till another of his essays may give us information. They might perhaps be induced to aid their European kinsmen in "keeping the negroes steady to their work." But how to get the negroes in position? They might not, after their experience, be easily persuaded that slavery *was* "essentially" the best position for them to occupy. I am far from sure that one great leader would think it worth while to attempt to persuade them. In the midst of general ignorance on this subject, our keen and far-sighted philosopher has discovered, that it is ill-advised—all awry for the servant to choose among others the employer, who would give him for his work the most "shillings per day." He must not for any such inducements leave one master for another. How—pray how, Mr. Philosopher, may we get negroes in position, get them into harmony with your "Heaven's preappointment?" Will each of your Europeans, however *white* he may be, be able to force the yoke of slavery on the sinewy necks of ten negroes, however *black* they may be? Perhaps not. Perhaps they would as soon "shoot Niagara" and be done with it—enduring "and after" according to their ability. Here something more potent may be needed than loud dogmatism and vehement objurgation, however freely, howl upon howl, they may be dealt around. How to get the negroes under control is a problem which might well be settled before a single cart-whip is purchased to be wielded in keeping these "poor blockheads steady to their work."

Our black "brothers" have seen and felt too much of slavery, to ascribe the foul thing to "Heaven's preappointment." However "blockheadish" they may be, they know full well, that none but a devil could hurl a "curse" at them for refusing, "men and brothers" as they are, to be disposed of *as property*—the property of their own mothers' children—not a whit their superiors in wisdom, magnanimity or native power. When Thomas Carlyle will inform us how we may reduce them to chattelship, we may regard him as less "frantic," though perhaps no less malignant than he now represents himself to be.

BERIAH GREEN.

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS.

WAYLAND, MASS., Dec. 19, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I SEND you a few extracts from a letter I have lately received from a very sensible and conscientious girl, who went from this town to be a teacher of the freed people, in one of the Mission Schools.

L. MARIA CHILD.

"HAMPTON, Virginia, Dec. 1st.

"The school I have the pleasure of teaching contains about one hundred scholars, eighty-five of whom attend constantly. It is a primary school, and many of the children are small; but I do not consider it less desirable on that account; for great is the importance of first impressions. It has never been my good fortune to instruct in any school where the pupils manifested so much affection for their teacher. They assemble early every morning, and hasten with eager footsteps far on the way toward our Home, to escort us to the school-room. When we enter there, and I begin to move round among them in the discharge of my duties, little hands often caress me tenderly. The other day, one of my smallest and prettiest girls asked leave to go home during recess. I hesitated, and asked if she wanted to get something to eat. She answered, "Yes," and said her father told her she might come home, and that she would certainly be back when the bell rang. I told her I would trust to her promise, and away she ran. At the sound of the bell, one of the first to appear was little Emily, who came to me, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and presented her gift—a sweet potato, wrapped in clean yellow paper. When the school is dismissed, they all bid me, "Good bye," as they pass out, and the sound of their affectionate voices remains with me a pleasant memory.

"Two colored young ladies from Boston are now here at The Mission Home, waiting to begin their labors as teachers at Newport News. A colored physician is stationed at the Hospital, who very kindly and faithfully attends upon the teachers and pupils when they are ill. The colored people have four churches in Hampton, with preachers of their own. Many good things are uttered in those pulpits, though of course mixed with occasional crudities and mistakes.

"The Sabbath school, which I attend, is well conducted by Mr. Peake, husband of the lady who excited so much interest as teacher of the first school for 'contrabands,' as the slaves who escaped to our camps were then called. Her mother was a colored woman and her father was an Englishman. She was intelligent and well educated, and entirely devoted to the elevation of her mother's race. For them she labored diligently and endured patiently, until her physical strength was wholly exhausted, and she was obliged to lie down and die.

"There are now ten schools in and near Hampton, numbering altogether about six hundred pupils. The Lincoln School House, in the centre of Hampton, contains four apartments, in each of which there is a school. The Butler Building is occupied by four schools, the highest being a Grammar School. One school is taught in a church, by a teacher who enters into her work right earnestly. One session, held expressly for adults, is usually attended by about twenty-five women. All the teachers here are from the North, most of them from Massachusetts.

"There was much sickness here last Summer, and that will increase the amount of suffering during the Winter. Most of the cabins of the freed people are sadly unsuitable for cold weather, having large crevices in the walls, and no floor but the earth. Hardly one can be called really comfortable; yet I do not hear much complaint.

P. M. LEE."

A CORRECTION.

BOSTON, December 18, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I do not often ask to have a misprint corrected, but don't like to gratify the "imps of darkness" in their recent conspiracy against me. In my letter from Washington you make me say, "The finest thought and the greatest practical *feature* in the Capitol is to be found in the arrangements for heating, ventilating," etc.

What I wrote was "the greatest practical *failure*." Never was there a more useless expenditure of money, or a more tortuous application of a really grand idea, than in the household economy of the structure! In the boilers, they cook a huge ham in seven minutes. I asked them to try an oyster I had just received from the Smithsonian, only two million of years old!

Very truly yours, CAROLINE H. DALL.

AN Ohio paper relates an incident that lately occurred in Muskingum County, which illustrates as clearly as possible one of the absurdities of color legislation. Among a large number of colored persons in that county, who form a well-to-do community by themselves, was one mulatto, whose children bear no outward evidence of being descendants of the patriarch whom Noah cursed. As these people paid a large amount of money in taxes for the support of schools, without enjoying any of the benefits, the mulatto referred to determined to test the question by sending his children to school. Of course there was great indignation in the village, and a committee of the school directors of the county was sent to school to expel the intruders. The teacher refused to point out the individuals who had disturbed the peace of the school by their unwelcome presence. She had no complaint to make against them, and was willing they should remain. The committee selected three who, they thought, bore the strongest evidence of belonging to the proscribed race, and ignominiously expelled them. The scandal was great when it was discovered on the next day that the children of three of the wealthiest white men were the victims of the movement against negroes. The ludicrous result of this raid was the establishment of schools for "colored" children, and the exemption of the wealthy negroes from further contributions to the education of their poor white neighbors.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

LITERARY.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, who a couple of years ago traced the Nile to its source in two great lakes which he named "Albert" and "Victoria," has since published an interesting volume called "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia." In this book, incidentally speaking of the customs and religion of the Arabs, he says:

The conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. The name of God is coupled with every trifling incident in life, and they believe in the continual action of Divine special interference. Should a famine afflict the country, it is expressed in the stern language of the Bible—"The Lord has sent a grievous famine upon the land;" or, "The Lord called for a famine, and it came upon the land." Should their cattle fall sick, it is considered to be an affliction by Divine command; or should the flocks prosper and multiply particularly during one season, the prosperity is attributed to special interference. Nothing can happen in the usual routine of daily life without a direct connection with the hand of God, according to the Arab's belief.

This striking similarity in the descriptions of the Old Testament is exceedingly interesting to a traveller when residing among these curious and original people. With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before the eyes, there is a thrilling illustration of the sacred record; the past becomes the present; the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description. At the same time there is light thrown upon many obscure passages in the Old Testament by the experience of the present customs and figures of speech of the Arabs, which are precisely those that were practised at the periods described. I do not attempt to enter upon a theological treatise, therefore it is unnecessary to allude specially to these particular points. The sudden and desolating arrival of a flight of locusts, the plague, or any other unforeseen calamity, is attributed to the anger of God, and is believed to be an infliction of punishment upon the people thus visited, precisely as the plagues of Egypt were specially inflicted upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

Should the present history of the country be written by an Arab scribe, the style of the description would be purely that of the Old Testament, and the various calamities or the good fortunes that have in the course of nature befallen both tribes and individuals would be recounted either as special visitations of Divine wrath, or blessings for good deeds performed. If in a dream a particular course of action is suggested, the Arab believes that God has *spoken* and directed him. The Arab scribe or historian would describe the event as "the *voice* of the Lord" ("kallam el Allah") having spoken unto the person; or, that God appeared to him in a dream and "*said*," etc. Thus much allowance would be necessary on the part of a European reader for the figurative ideas and expressions of the people. As the Arabs are unchanged, the theological opinions which they now hold are the same as those which prevailed in remote ages, with the simple addition of their belief in Mahomet as the Prophet.

The New York Teacher and American Educational Monthly—January, 1868—J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., manifests an evident and honest interest in the advancement of Education. Among its articles that strike our attention as peculiarly meet, are: "Shall the Truth be Told about School-Books?" which calls for a long-needed reform in the prevailing lax manner of criticism on educational works [*these, only?*]; and "Grammatical Notes, Verbs Modified by Adjectives," which ably expounds one of the principles that, in the hands of Barrett, Kerl, and other radical grammarians, have shot fatal breaches into the time-honored but rickety edifice of Lindley Murray. There is, also of interest, a brief account of the celebrated Hamburg Reform School, "Das Rauhe Haus." That crude writing can happen in even an *Educational Monthly* appears from this passage, occurring in "The Classification of the Sciences:" "Heat is now discovered to be a mode of motion. Sound and light have long known to be so. Weight is simply the motion of one body toward another." Leaving aside the unsettled controversy whether light and heat be undulations of material media, or simply the direct radial action of an immaterial agency, termed "force," on the affected body,—we call attention to the statement, "Weight is simply the motion of one body toward another!"

What becomes of the weight when the "bodies" related are in contact, or when an impenetrable separating-medium interposes? Is it not still weight? Does it not as such cause the contactual surfaces to experience pressure? But where, then, is the "motion?".... Probably, the writer of that passage meant, "*tendency* to motion." But, thus, the author's analogy between gravitation and the "convertible" forces is lost. 'Tis pity!—but "Think before you leap" was said to philosophers not less than to peasants.

Dean Alford—in "The Queen's English"—is severe enough in commenting on the use, in that language, of the imperfect tense, indicative mood, to represent the "conditional" mood, which, in other languages, exists in an inflectional form of its own. Such instances as, "He told me I was certain to receive a letter in any event," are soundly berated by him. He substitutes "should be" for was." Leaving aside the question whether the subjunctive mood also ought to be abolished (as the Dean claims), we can't help agreeing with him as to the "conditional," when abuses like the following, from a recent financial leader in the New York *Tribune*, meet our gaze:

"If the European holders of our government bonds saw fit, they could throw them all upon our market tomorrow, sell them, and draw on us for the proceeds in coin. They will not do it, simply because they would thereby sacrifice their bonds for a good deal less than they *were* worth."

"*Are* worth," of course, is meant.

Messrs. Francis & Loutrel, Stationers, 45 Maiden Lane, New York city, have issued their usual assortment of Diaries, for 1868.

Our Young Folks, for January, has a finely-engraved (but, in our copy, badly printed) steel portrait of Charles Dickens, "Writer of 'A Holiday Romance' for *Our Young Folks*." The "Romance" itself opens this number; and a very pleasant opening it is. A well-engraved and passably-printed wood-cut embellishes the course of "Master Tinkling" his recital.

The Children's Friend—E. K. Smedley, West Chester, Pa., editor—is a neat and "taking" pabulum for "*younger* folks" than the delighted patrons of *Our Young Folks*.

RECEIVED.

AN EXPOSE OF THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERATE DRINKING, AND THE MEANS BY WHICH IT MAY BE OBVIATED. By Thomas Herttell. Also, "Remarks comprising, in substance, Judge Herttell's Argument in the House of Assembly of the State of New York, in the session of 1837, in support of the bill to restore to Married Women the 'Right of Property,' as guaranteed by the constitution of this State." Boston: J. P. Mendum, Office of the Boston *Investigator*.

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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

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The office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from No. 5 South Fifth street, to the old stand, No. 107 North Fifth street, where it was formerly located for upwards of years. Specimen numbers of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD furnished and new subscriptions received as above.

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MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

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Some true thing hast thou there to find, some thing
Of beauty there to see, some good to do,
Some wrong to right; or, at the very least,
Thou hast the fairest recompense of all:
To learn what life is and to try thy heart,
And freshly, freely, to look out on heaven!
Thy very tears shall open wide thine eyes,
Thy very sorrows shall wake up thy heart:
Then mark the heavenly signals and be glad,
And where thou sufferest, feel a joy to come!
In woe be glad, glad of the very woe,
That thou canst prove by it thy happiness,
Strength, wisdom, love, tranquility and toil!
Then, and not till then, art thou truly man:
Then is thy happiness a steadfast thing.
So shall thy spirit lightly bear the pain
That Nature gave thee for its health. How blest
Is he who only wills that which is good!

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

LODGING-HOUSES FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION IN NEW YORK.

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

IF we investigate the nature of Social Science, we shall find that it means nothing but the practical application of Christianity to human life, for spoken of in its human relations merely, Christianity is but a perfect spiritual perception of the laws which underlie all human welfare. What was in the heart and mind of Jesus, when he said, "Love your neigboras yourself," "Feed my little ones, inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me," will be in the heart and mind of the obedient child of God, for it rests in the necessary development of the best part of human nature.

When the minds of men are broad enough, and their instincts are true enough, they will see, that no man provides well for himself, who does not first provide well for his neighbor; but the Divine Life of Jesus has inspired us with this, nobly as a faith, before we have been able to perceive it literally as a law.

Nothing has so perplexed and puzzled the philanthropist, since Social Science first began to develop, as the inadequate relation between the compensation received by women, for every kind of labor, and the pay they are expected to give for all that they receive. The pay they receive is less, and the cost of the garments they wear more, in proportion, than the pay and the clothing of men. Miss Garrett in England pays £50 for receiving medical instruction which would cost a man £5, and whenever a woman wants thorough teaching in any special direction, if philanthropy does not interfere, we have the same result.

It is very easy for the language of political economy to become the language of cant. It is said, that universal laws determine the wages of women as well as of men, and when a trade or occupation is overcrowded the wages must go down. This is so far true that it has become one of our most sacred duties to open new avenues of employment to women, but beside this, it is also true, that a prejudice against the capacity of woman as a laborer, has quite as much to do with the continued existence of the evil.

This capacity is to be proved by argument and experience; meanwhile, we are to find new ways to develop it, so as to make it more useful in the world, and we are to set our faces against inefficient work in women as sternly as against inefficient work in men. I trust I need not enlarge before this audience on the position, in which women seeking work in a large city are often placed. Women are blamed for coming to the city; they are asked, why they do not go into country kitchens and keep themselves out of temptation. The difficulties in doing this are much greater than the people suppose who ask the question, and if every woman did it, to whom the choice is open, a larger number would still be thrown into the city than the city can provide for. Arrived in the city, the young girl seeks a cheap and comfortable home. I am prepared to say that to a woman earning less than $7.00 a week, a clean home, where wholesome food can be had, is an impossibilething. If such a place appears, and tempts her with low prices, it is a snare, but in nine cases out of ten she does not see the net spread over every step of her way. "Always believe," I once said to a young girl, "that something is wrong when high wages are offered for light work, by a person whose name you cannot find in the Directory." "But, Madam," she answered, "if they tell me they have just come to town, and are willing to pay for good looks and a tidy dress, why should I not believe them?"

Why, indeed? so she went to the house, from which she fled to me that night at ten o'clock, with no clothing but her night-dress, an old bed cover, and a pair of slippers. The clergyman is probably within the sound of my voice who went with me and the police officer the next morning to get possession of her trunk. I took the police officer to enforce my demand, and the well known minister to the poor, to protect my reputation, for it often happens that the presence of the police is no protection to that.

Nothing is more depressing than the absolute indifference with which the press speaks of these matters. Here is an instance from a late New York paper:

> "A young girl, sixteen years of age, named Juliette Stolt, left her home lately in Rahway, New Jersey, and came to New York to seek employment; but having sought in vain for work, she yielded to the tempter and *was induced to enter a house of ill-fame.** Officer Leton took her thence to the Eighth Precinct station, from which she was conveyed to the Home, No. 22 West Houston street. The girl is willing to work for an honest livelihood; but in this immense city is unable to find employment.
>
> "This is not an isolated fact, especially just now, for nearly every firm that employs females is unusually dull."

Are we to leave the matter here?

Now the lowest class of women, always liable to become paupers, must for a time far beyond our seeing be cared for by state or church, but there is nothing society should more sedulously guard against, than placing its thrifty working classes in this position, or even allowing them to drop into it.

They should be stimulated to self-help, in at least three ways:

1. They should be taught to combine, as men do, against unjust employers. Accidents, fatal to a single laborer, may thus be made to work essential benefit to the whole class.

2. They should be encouraged in ways of thrift, which will enable them to become capitalists on a small scale, and lead them to employ other women.

3. The classes who will neither combine nor save should be assisted by capitalists, who will demand a fair interest for their money, but who are not so limited in means as to need exorbitant profits.

In regard to the first point, it often happens that when a woman can offer skilled labor, which is very rare, the man to whom she offers it will demand it at half price; and if the woman is compelled to get her living in that special way, she is at the mercy of the employer, unless she is shrewd enough to get other women to take a stand with her, and so compel him to terms. This was done in one printing-office that I know, with success, during the war. Women employed in it, by uniting under one intelligent head, carried their point, and are still retained at full men's wages. It is idle to speak of the quality of the work in such cases as any excuse for the conduct of employers. The same game is often attempted in regard to first-class work which men cannot do, such, for example, as the shaping of shaving-brushes, for which a woman's delicate touch is necessary.

The circumstances of the case referred to were as follows:

A weekly religious paper was printed by eight women. The most experienced acted as foreman; and when, in the second year of the war, strikes began in printing-offices, a friend directed her attention to the fact, and showed her how to meet a strike should it come, as it did, into her own town. As soon as she heard of it she consulted with the rest of the hands. Seeing a possible, though by no means a certain advantage, they agreed to be bound by her action in such an event. At last the hands employed on the daily evening paper of the town struck, and the publisher knew not what to do. The girl went to him, told him she would bring seven able hands with her and was accepted at once. He was mean enough to offer half-pay, which she peremptorily refused. The eight women entered the office on full pay. They had not been there a week before everybody rejoiced in the change. There was no swearing and no drinking, but a quiet work-room. At the end of a month the disappointed men offered to return; their services were declined, but the publisher was mean enough to go to the girl who acted as foreman. "My men are ready to come back," said he; "I have no fault to find with you, but I can no longer give you full wages."—"Do as you please," replied the girl; "you cannot have us for any less;" and as the whole seven said amen, the publisher had nothing to do but to keep them. The advantage that flowed from union and good sense in this case are evident, and could easily be imitated in many directions.

Secondly, Women should be encouraged to become capitalists, and for this reason the circumstances of their living should be within their own control. If a girl can bear a small room, and bread and milk diet, in order to accumulate, it ought to be possible to get it.

Those who have listened to Mr. Godkin's paper will think that, if it is impossible for man to save from mere wages, women can hardly become capitalists. But during the war I sometimes got four girls to unite in purchasing one bank share, and to add the dividends until each had a whole share of her own. They may also buy their dry goods by combining in the same way, and at much cheaper rates. I heard lately of a young girl who sustains herself in Shirley by gunning. She sends her game to market, and makes plumes from the breasts of her birds; and by this she has realized enough to buy a good house, and support not only herself, but an infirm father. Such instances are still so rare that examples may be of use.*

It is very rare that the labor of women becomes consolidated into capital; but there is no reason why it should not. The mother of James Freeman Clarke, whose name I use here in compliance with her own expressed desire, was a wonderful illustration of what common sense and determination will accomplish. The petted darling of a wealthy family, Madame Clarke found herself summoned, by her husband's illness and early death, to retrieve, almost unaided, the fortunes of six children. The first money which she could lay aside, at the head of a boarding-house, paid interest on a mortgage upon a small property which she knew she was to inherit, and which she felt sure would increase in value. For this property she ultimately received her own price, being, to the great amazement of applicants, her own "man of business" in all negotiations. The small sum it yielded she put out at interest in new States, where money was scarce, and multiplied it tenfold before she died, not by careless speculation, but by investing it wisely in the heart of the great cities of Chicago and Milwaukee, by buying what she saw with her own eyes to be valuable. "I want women to know how to manage their own concerns, as I did," she would say. "It only takes a little common sense. Women ought not to give up their property to men, or even ask their advice about it. The best men will prop up their shaky plans with a woman's money; but women should watch men, see where shrewd men put their money, and do as they do, not as they say."

Another encouraging instance of the success of a female capitalist has been revealed by the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Heard, bookseller, printer, and publisher of the West Briton newspaper, in England, who died last month at her residence in Truro. A correspondent of the London *Bookseller* says of her:

> "I know of no woman connected with the book and newspaper trade who was better known and more respected than Mrs. Heard. She had carried on business in Boscawen street, Truro, for close upon sixty years, and I will venture to state that no commercial gentleman who ever called upon her but would be struck with her great judgment, her courtesy, and the desire which she ever evinced to do unto others as she would be done unto. Mrs. Heard was the widow of Mr. John Heard, the founder of the business, and lost her husband about forty-five years ago. She was left with a youthful family entirely dependent on her exertions. She was born in London in the year 1787, her father, Mr. Goodridge, being a successful tradesman. Her mother was from Edinburgh. Those who remember the perilous days a journalist had to pass through from the year 1815—the time of the peace—to the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, are aware that it was no easy matter to conduct the business affairs of a leading newspaper like the West Briton and Cornwall *Advertiser*; but Mrs. Heard was a woman of great industry and integrity, and in the conduct of a large miscellaneous business for a long series of years she won golden opinions from every one."

Thirdly, The classes who will neither combine nor save must be assisted by capitalists. Women who are well paid must be supposed to have as fair a chance in the world as men, but they are very few, and meanwhile what is to become of those who are ill-paid at the present prices of board and lodging? Clearly, until science adjusts the main springs and cog-wheels of society suitably, *philanthropy* must come to the rescue; yet, only so far as to make cleanliness and economy possible. Very recently, a generous Boston merchant enabled Dr. Peabody to try at Cambridge a successful experiment in regard to the food of students. When I remember how much better they could meet their necessary expenses, than the young women of whom we speak, I longed for such help for the latter. It was not long in coming from the same kind hands.

Mr. Thayer and two ladies have lately attempted, in Boston, at No. 28 Ash street, a small experiment in the way of a lodging-house for girls. This was first suggested to the ladies by the misfortunes of a young woman who came under their notice. They tried to hire a house, but found it cheaper to buy; Mr. Thayer being responsible for half the expense, and each of the ladies for one-quarter. The house was furnished at the cost of friends. It has gas and water in nearly every room, and shelters twenty-nine girls. They pay for light, rent, lodging, and fire, repairs and service, $1.50 per week, and $1.25. There are two single beds in most of the rooms. The matron keeps an exact account of her expenditure; and each week the stores are weighed by one of the ladies, the waste being charged, as well as the marketing, to the girls. The board, so managed, costs each girl $1 75 a week. Some of the girls wash for themselves in the evening, and a woman is hired for the house once a week. They take care of their own rooms. The matron employs a cook. There are only two rules—that every girl shall be in at 10 p.m., and that a week's notice shall be given when any inmate desires to leave. No supervision is exercised except of the stores and the matron's accounts. The house was opened Dec. 15, 1866, and is a success according to its plan.

Grateful as I am to see this attempt made, I cannot feel that this plan should be followed for the future. Girls do not wish to receive charity, nor can any experiment be thoroughly successful which does not pay, in the long-run, a fair per centage on the cost of house and furniture. Now, $4.00 a week is, in my estimation, only the fair cost price of the style of board and living which these girls receive, and it could not be kept at that under average management.

I do not know the cost of the house, but it would certainly rent for $600. The taxes upon it would be, at least, $120.

Now, let us suppose that thirty girls occupy it, each paying the highest rent of $1.50 a week, which is $180 a month = $2,340 a year—a sum which must cover house-rent and taxes, water tax, lights, lodging, fire, repairs and service—and which in ordinary cases must cover also the cost of furnishing and replenishing, I am sure my estimate of the rent and taxes is beneath the real value of both; and it is evident, that no efforts to benefit this class on a larger scale, will succeed, unless made to pay better: companies will undertake only profitable work. I want to see girls unite to furnish themselves in a still more modest way, with what they need; and I wish to see a system of cooking-houses established which shall simplify the whole matter. If girls want carpets, gas, fires, as provided in this house, they should pay their *proper*, not as heretofore their exorbitant cost; but they should be so placed as to have clean and healthy rooms, if they choose, without either. A Young Women's Christian Association was organized in Boston in May, 1866, under the auspices of Mrs. Henry F. Durant. Furnished rooms have been provided at 27 Chauncy street, where young women can obtain information in regard to employment, boarding-houses and so on. The applications average one hundred a month; and the association seeks to establish a home, where there will be a restaurant for furnishing meals, at cost, to *young women only*—also a free reading-room and library, evening schools, rooms for social purposes, and temporary lodging-rooms. This is a most desirable thing to do; but it will not be of permanent benefit, if it puts into a false position any girls capable of self-support. The funds of wise and kind people must start all such movements; but, to be useful, they must be, not only in appearance, but in reality, self-supporting.

This association seems to me to have wise and efficient officers. They have obtained money enough to buy two houses in Beach street, which they hope to open in January. These will accommodate eighty girls, at a price of board sufficient to defray current expenses.

In New York, a Working-women's Home has been established, the plan of which was long since submitted to the public. A building has been purchased on Elizabeth street, which will afford accommodations for five hundred persons. For this $100,000 has been paid, and $25,000 more has been expended in fitting it up. Half the amount has already been raised, and the managers are making strong efforts to collect the remainder. Of its objects, the *Evening Post* says:

> "In this Home will be found clean, well-ventilated rooms, wholesome food, and facilities for education and self-improvement. Girls exposed to the temptation of a city life will be surrounded by both moral and Christian influences.
>
> "The institution is intended to benefit a class of women who now find it impossible, with their slender means, to procure comfortable homes, and are forced to live where moral purity, as well as health, is endangered.
>
> "It is well known that families and boarding-house keepers almost always object to female boarders, and that many thousands of sewing-women find it difficult to obtain quarters. Artificial-flower-makers, book-folders, hoop-skirt manufacturers, packers of confectionery, etc., are compelled, if deprived of parental shelter, to accept such homes and accommodations as their very limited resources will command.
>
> "It is not intended to make this a charitable institution; but the prices will be made so moderate as to be within the means of those who are to be benefited by it, while, at the same time, the establishment will be self-sustaining."

Mr. Halliday says of it:

> "The whole expense of first purchase, alterations, and furniture, will be about $140,000. Messrs. Peter Cooper, James Lenox, James Brown, Stewart Brown, William H. Aspinwall, E. J. Woolsey, and Mrs. C. L. Spencer have, unsolicited, each contributed one thousand dollars. Twenty thousand dollars has been appropriated on condition that we obtained a like amount in donations. We expect to have accommodations for nearly five hundred, and the charge for board and washing will be from three dollars and a quarter to three and a half per week.
>
> "There will be parlors, reading-room and free library, and ample bathing rooms. None of good reputation will be refused admission; no others can become members of the family."

This institution was opened about the first of October. I came hither two days before these sessions opened expressly to investigate the prospects of this House. I find the same difficulty that I complain of in Boston exaggerated here. Board and washing is offered for $3.25 a week, a price at which it cannot be sustained. The food seems abundant and wholesome, the parlors are carpeted and well lighted, and have a piano and books; but when I went into the chambers I found six beds in one room, with no dividing screens, with only three washstands to the six, and no bureaus or closets for clothes. The floors were of rough boards with wide cracks. There should never be more than two girls in one room, and privacy should be possible to each. Can six strangers, thrown together without refined habits, grow more refined in such contact? Let us give up carpets and pianos, and seek rather *this* first essential of a home. This home was designed for girls receiving $5.00 a week, but this class do not like the name of Working women's Home. Art students at the Cooper Institute, and girls earning $7 and 8, are those you really find there, and so far there are only eighty. What I saw here convinces me that a restaurant for women should be connected with these houses, and that outside custom should help defray the expenses, and permit lodgers to economise, if they choose, in their daily fare.

During the Summer of 1866, Octavia Hill, of London, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Southwood Smith, reports that, after conferring with John Ruskin, she had hired houses for poor tenants. She put them into good order, and kept them in it. She would allow, in her tenants, neither overcrowding nor arrears of rent. She had no middle-men. The experiment was wholly successful and paid at once five per cent. Mr. Ruskin's lodging-houses, as they are called, are the best that have ever been established in London. They furnish the cheapest and cleanest lodgings for the poor, yet pay a good dividend. They are entirely in the hands of Miss Hill, as Mr. Ruskin himself is more skilful to remedy any social exorescence than patient to bear with it. He forgets, I think, what he once wrote concerning the soul that denies itself an encounter with pain. There is certainly no reason why capitalists should offer assistance of this kind to working men of prosperous condition, and denying it to working women. We all know how successful have been the movements initiated abroad to supply cheap food and lodging.

A very interesting account has lately been furnished to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, of W. Corbet's dining-rooms at Glasgow. In that city alone, there are now twenty-six establishments, and they have the advantage not only of providing a sufficient meal for 4*d.* but of employing a large number of women. W. Hinton says:

> "About three-fifths of the customers take dinners. Of the rest, more than half take breakfast, and the remainder supper. It is the rule of all these depots to sell after 5 p.m. all soup and other articles, which otherwise must be thrown away, at half price. Large quantities are thus carried away, as well as consumed on the premises. Of coarse meat, vegetables, bread, etc., are entirely available, and are used for soup, etc.
>
> "In another establishment I visited, I also dined. It is situated in Mitchell Lane, but a step off Buchanan street, the Regent street of this city, and is frequented by the clerks and shop-women who are employed near by, as well as by many of a superior class. The ware in use is of a neat pattern, and not common looking. My dinner consisted of a basin of good and most nutritious soup, very palatable, with a small roll and bun of light and digestible bread; a large plate of good roast beef, with an abundant supply of potatoes, bread, butter, a cup of fair coffee, and a large piece of excellent apple pie, in which the fruit was made more palatable by rich milk. The pastry was good, the bread was excellent, the beef tender and well cooked. The soup alone, with bread, would have made a capital luncheon, and when the meat was added the meal was far more than sufficient. As I said, the cost was a shilling—soup, bread, butter, potatoes, coffee, one penny each; pie, two pence; and the beef, three pence, I believe. There was some little addition which I have forgotten, amounting to two pence more. I could have obtained a good dinner for an English sixpence, or about seventeen cents. Sufficient to sustain nature could be got for little more than half that, while the matron informed me that it was very seldom that the female customers averaged more than two pence half penny per head, about seven cents at present rates of exchange. Glasgow imports a large quantity of food from the United States; yet is enabled to feed her poor at a price infinitely below what is charged there for much inferior articles, abominably cooked, and served in a manner that may be termed slatternly by the side of the excellent system which Mr. Corbit introduced and has so successfully carried forward to its present great proportions."

It may be interesting to know that a company of clerks has just been formed in London with a view to establish a dining-room for the use of men in that occupation, at which the prices shall be low and the provisions supplied of the best kind. At the meeting, which we find reported in the London *News*, Mr. Alderman Cotton presided.

One of the speakers thought that a luncheon might be given for not more than a 6*d.* and a dinner for 9*d.* or a shilling, giving a considerably larger amount of solid food than could now be got for 15*d.* or 18*d.* Finally it was decided that the capital of the association should be £25,000, in shares of £1 each, 5*s.* to be paid on application, 5*s.* on allotment, and the remainder in calls of 2*s.* 6*d.* each, at intervals of not less than a month. Committees were then appointed to carry out the the plan.

In defence of those who keep lodgers of this class, it should further be said that their temptations are insurmountable. They are mostly poor women—or middle-men—who lose a great deal by sick, incompetent, or bankrupt hands every year. It almost necessarily becomes their policy to make the healthy and steady laborers share their loss by this class. They have no security in cases of long sickness or death.

For my own part, I stand astonished at the strength of human virtue, when I remember how often I have seen homeless girls, just ailing for a little, turned out of lodgings, when there seemed no resource save a house of ill-fame on one side, or the open grave on the other. In nine cases out of ten it is the open grave, thank God, which is chosen. But may not good Christian hearts seek to substitute for this a happy and useful life? In closing, I once more entreat that no false issues may be raised in the efforts to meet this crying need. Let the girls honestly have what they are able to earn, but force them so far as you may to a life commensurate with their means. Do not throw a false light upon a humble path. Private kindness must necessarily do this often, but the public effort should be to nourish a healthy tone of mind, and to diminish temptation and supply needful comforts, at the same moment that it checks foolish ambition in dress or living, and does its utmost to show these women what their proper station is, what their natural relation to society, and what they are *permanently* to expect when the spasmodic action of outraged Christian feeling naturally subsides.

Being convinced that, in addition to the attempt to secure lodging-houses for women, it is also necessary to encourage and protect those who, in consequence of exposure, have already taken the first step astray, I took advantage of an accident last Spring to inaugurate such a movement. The development of the project having brought to me letters which bear upon the subject of lodging-houses, I must beg to detain you for their consideration for a few moments. A clergyman who had preached in the Chicago Theatre last Winter, received a touching letter from a woman, signed Magdalena. He read it at one of the anniversary meetings in May, and I took advantage of the interest it excited to make my first appeal, of which I will read you a few sentences:

> "Those who are familiar with my books will remember how I once desired that in every church some woman, tender, experienced and willing, should be set apart as the counsellor of the young and friendless. It can hardly be expected, however, that any church or any single woman should be willing to move alone.
>
> "Now, my two months in the West convince me that it is too late to chain the demon which has begun to walk up and down the earth. We must meet it in fair fight. What I believe in is prevention, employment and sympathy. Refugees may be multiplied forever without touching the evil. Is it not clear that female preachers are needed to speak to women on such matters; and should not all wise men bestir themselves to deepen womanly consciousness and promulgate just ideas of marriage, as Robert Collyer—may God forever bless him—is continually doing?
>
> "We have been accustomed to despise the fallen, and to think it hardly worth while to raise the foundlings of the State. 'Why should they not die?' said some one at the State House the other day when the terrible mortality at Bridgewater was under consideration. No one values a pure descent more than I. In every fibre of my being I attest the force of blood; but God demands the recognition on our part of something purer than blood. We are children of the Spirt, every one of us. Legitimate or illegitimate, we are heirs of the Most High, and more than once in history He has taken the despised and rejected, the man who never knew his own father, to be his 'prophet, priest and king,' and the whole course of his dealings with us seems to be a training of us all to recognize every man's divine right to live and serve.
>
> "We women too are, if Jesus might be said to be 'tempted in all points,' like these fallen women, in our instincts, in our temptations and our longings. We differ, where we differ at all, not nearly so much in virtue and desire as in intelligence, in understanding the claims of society on our own hearts, its right to control us, and, above all, *its power to punish.* We shall never get on with this question till we take this terribly democratic ground, and remember that these women are not monsters, but our own flesh and blood. What, then, moved by pain and terror and love, would I have this city do? Organize a 'Committee of counsel and comfort for troubled and friendless women.' This should be the full title, with no word in it to hint at crime, rebuke or refuges. My plan asks neither money nor building, nor outlay of any kind, at the outset, only the devoted patience of a few women's hearts. The 'Committee of counsel and comfort' it would soon come to be called, and I ask of it no difficult service. It is better not to visit houses of ill-fame, not to seek out the women, at least in the beginning. They will come, or be sent to us. 'Magdalena' was well educated, capable and loving, when she hung on the verge of the precipice over which she fell. A thousand such are waiting here for 'counsel and comfort.' In many cases young and innocent girls need for their safety nothing but somebody to talk to. In others, those who have taken the first terrible step astray need only to be assured that they are not irrevecably lost; others again need employment or charitable help to support a family, crowded, infirm, or helpless from youth. All that the eight or ten ladies need do who should constitute this committee is to advertise their names and residences in the simple way I point out. They can, with a very few dollars, secure advertisements not only in the papers which teem with the disguised announcements of wicked physicians, which tempt by covert 'personals' to horrible assignations, but to the very sheets of the *Black Mail* itself, which is steadily bent on destroying the peace of our families. Shall it not be done? May the answer come by acclamation."

Shortly afterward I received the following letters; the first from a Catholic priest, who had sought lodgings in vain for young women whose expenses he was prepared to guarantee.

WORCESTER, Sept. 23, 1867.

DEAR MADAM: Good Mrs G., of our city, has spoken to me of you on two or three occasions, and she sent me the other day a copy of your letter containing the plan proposed for aiding friendless women. Your letter is very interesting, and touches upon a want, great and crying. Anything that shields and protects the purity of woman is worthy of attention and encouragement. When *women* cease to be virtuous *men* have already fallen, and the great stay of society is the influence of pure women. Woman makes man pure; but it is seldom that he performs the same office for her. For one helping hand extended, I have found scores of leering eyes and filthy hands among men, and scowling brows among women. All are ready to crush and drag her down. Among the points of peril that you suggest in your letter as surrounding the young girl, I underscore *three.*

Want of work, the greatest and chief; *want of friends*, and the tyranny and *tampering of their employers.* More than one young girl has told me, with tears in her eyes, that to retain her place, and procure bread, she has yielded to the brutality of some petty overseer, on whose will her work depended.

Let every good girl but feel that there are some kind friends to meet her when she flies from temptation, and that work can be furnished her. Let her be encouraged to make known to suitable and trusty persons the name of the employer who puts a price upon her virtue, and she will have a wonderful safeguard. I offer you my warmest wishes and best hopes for success in your great undertaking. If you save but a dozen degraded ones, nay, but one, your work is worth all it will cost. The one, or the dozen, so saved, will continue the work, and draw many to share in its blessings.

With best wishes, etc. J. J. F.

I wish to draw attention to the fact that a churchman, brought steadily into contact with "lost women," here sustains the opinion, with which I am reproached, as if it were a fault, *i. e.*, that the "greatest and chief" cause of the ruin of women is, *want of work*, not, as certain editors insist, the *love of sin:*

OCTOBER 7, 1867.

MADAM: The writer having occupied a room in a house in which rooms are let to lodgers, for seven years, he has opened the door of said house in that time to probably five hundred young women, who came to secure a room or rooms. Not more than six or seven of all this number took a room, because the rent was too high for them, or for other reason unknown.

Nearly every applicant was respectably attired, a few of them somewhat extravagantly.

In New York a building has been erected for lodging and boarding working-women. No large institution has ever been suggested in this city. There is not a large town in the commonwealth that could not found and support one, if its richest inhabitants would but rise above the small interest, and the applause and admiration of fools attached to the purchase of fast horses, to the payment or hundreds of thousands of dollars to noted writers for a few public readings, to the founding of fifteen-thousand-dollar professorships to instruct young men how to declaim in public, and to the building of houses too expensive to sell or to let, while honest and good paying men with families are waiting for habitations in which to live at rents that they can pay.

If those favored by fortune do not make use of their accidental wealth to devise the ways and means of diminishing crime, let them not complain if retribution comes in the demoralization that sets fire to their property and debauches their children. JUNIUS.

In a letter written October 15th, Junius continues:

> "I have noticed a repugnance in those who hire houses to sub-let to women particularly. Women are considered to be a greater trouble than men, and it is curious that it is the woman of the house who objects to the woman boarder or lodger.
>
> You will excuse my use of the signature 'Junius.' It may be properly used, it seems to me, by any one who cannot help scolding about abuses, and about the neglect of and omissions of duty to that large class of persons who would be upright, but whom circumstances force into vice and crime. I hold man is *not* independent of circumstances, and woman is less so than man. Some men and women may be born superior to them, but these have no merit for that reason. They cannot help their natures. JUNIUS.

Finally I presented the following as a method of association, which I hope soon to see acted upon:

A COMMITTEE OF COUNSEL AND COMFORT.

The undersigned, ladies of Boston and vicinity, desire to associate themselves into a "Committee of Counsel and Comfort, for Troubled and Friendless Women."

They believe that there are many young and innocent girls, who are brought into extreme peril because there is no person of their own sex whom they *have a right* to consult.

They believe that there are many who have been led into relations mortifying and perplexing, but not criminal, who only need that their hearts should be comforted, and their self-respect soothed, to remain, as they have always been, useful members of society.

They believe that there are others who have taken the first wrong step, in utter ignorance of its character and its consequences, and chiefly because they need the support of affection and personal care.

They believe that others are led into sin through the bewilderment which an inexperienced and unprotected girl must always feel in her first contact with a large city, especially if compelled to idleness, because untrained to any thorough work.

They believe that still another class suffer from the tyranny of employers, who tamper with their purity while deceiving their inexperience, and who frequently refuse work and pay to women ignorant of their own legal rights, for the express purpose of leading them morally astray.

They believe that *perplexity* is consequently, in many instances, the handmaid of vice. While entirely uncertain how much it is possible to do for the classes they seek to help, they cannot feel justified in encountering with indifference the bitter misery of their own sex. They may at least offer to all who will receive it at their hands, a *warm sisterly sympathy.*

They desire it to be understood that women will lose no reputation by seeking their private counsel. While the Committee have the desire and intention to respond kindly to *whoever* may seek them, they begin their work modestly, as a work of prevention rather than cure.

They will keep sacredly the secrets of those who trust them.

They do not intend to become almsgivers nor to collect large sums of money for any purpose.

They hope to cheer the lonely; to release those embarrassed by false relations; to support those who have taken one wrong step, so that they need not fall again; to offer, wherever it may be possible, instruction and opportunity to those whom they find unprepared to earn their own living, and to clear up the difficulties which surround others, ignorant of accounts, of legal justice and the customs of trade.

That this should be done successfully will require the co-operation of local committees throughout New England, and that they may in the first instance come in contact with the right cases, the ladies ask the assistance of clergymen, missionaries and benevolent persons actively engaged in social relief.

Boston, September, 1867.

The miserable unwillingness to be called by the name of working-women only reflects a state of things which exists in the upper classes. Oh! women, I beseech you, do what you can to show in yourselves and nurture in others a healthy respect for labor. If you despise it, so will all those who are dependent upon you. Protect also the independence of those you seek to aid. In health, give them only what they can pay for. Never can I emphasize sufficiently my counsel, that you make these lodging-houses really, *not apparently*, self-supporting. It seems to me sometimes as if every modern attempt at philanthropy was only a new desire to encourage pauperism.

Above all, I beseech you to unite to diminish the growth of what is called the "Social Evil," to offer to your unhappy sisters a tender and loving hand. Do not believe for a moment that you can bury these horrors out of sight; a terrible resurrection will always come, to convince the slothful and indifferent, and to remind us who it was who forgave her—who had "loved much."

You cannot sit at your own fireside in peace, if you will not look this mischief fairly in the face; for every ruined mother, wife, sister, or daughter, you shall also count a demoralized father, husband, brother or son. When it seems farthest, the spectre will draw nearest, and it can be exorcised only by the faithful prayer of your daily work.

Nov. 19, 1867.

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* Want of space compels us to omit some interesting cases which Mrs. Dall cited. We refer those who desire to pursue the subject farther to her book, "The College, the Market and the Court." EDITOR.

† The best proof that my calculation was right, is to be found in the fact, that since these words were written the rates have been raised so that it take $4.00 to cover rent and board, but this does not include washing. Facilities are furnished, so that the girls may do this for themselves. In the N. Y. institutions $3.25 is required to cover rent, board and washing.

* "I have never known a girl *induced* to enter a house of ill-fame. They are always led thither on false pretences of work or board or kindly care.

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Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

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